

# THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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3<sup>d</sup>



# NOW—WE ARE SEVEN YEARS OLD



THE DIONNE QUINS, who are seven years old on Wednesday of this week, May 28. They have been made honorary sailors in the Royal Canadian Navy, and their Jack Tar suits were gifts from the Navy League. Lined up for the salute are (left to right): Cecile, Marie, Annette, Yvonne, Emilie.



## Picture yourself in such a setting

Women who find such happiness do not belong to fiction only. Perfect romance is the natural right of every girl who learns how to fascinate and appeal—appeal—and who knows the appeal of a skin smooth as satin. In this, Erasmic Face Powder can help to make your own complexion soft and lovely as the heart of a flower. Closely and evenly it clings, hides away—its fragrance giving to the senses only so much as makes them long for more.

**ERASMIC face powder**

RACHEL : PEACH : BRUNETTE  
SUNTAN AND NATURAL

They drifted quietly on—unaware of the lightly lit bangles and the sounds of quiet—unaware of anything but each other and their new-found happiness.



Erasmic Cream (Vanishing & Cold) 1/1 tube

E.H.37

1934: Quins born in humble home at Callender, Ontario, Canada.  
1935: Quins under care of Canadian Government. The Australian Women's Weekly acquires Australian rights of pictures.  
1936: Babies, now wards of the King until 1952, are worth £5000 each at age of two.  
1937: Quins, hailed as outdoor babies, growing bonnily.  
1938: Disadvantages of premature, multiple birth overcome.  
1939: Quins leave nursery for first time to meet King and Queen.  
1940: Quins have built up tourist industry worth £1,000,000 a year.



WEIGHING THE QUINS. Cecile, who was third smallest of the Quins at birth, is "big sister" this year, half an inch taller than the others, and heaviest, too. Last birthday Annette was tallest. Round the scales (left to right): Cecile, Nurse Chaput, Marie, Yvonne, Emilie, Annette. See the Quins again on Page 44.

## Let's talk of INTERESTING PEOPLE



SIR GEOFFREY WHISKARD

... Ministry of Works

NEW post for Sir Geoffrey Whiskard, British High Commissioner in Australia for the last five years. Has been appointed Permanent Secretary to the recently-formed British Ministry of Works and Buildings, which is responsible for temporary repairs in bombed areas, and for devising machinery for reconstructive building in Britain after the war.



MADAME R. MATHIEU

... for Free France

LEADER of Free Frenchwomen rallying to General de Gaulle's banner in London is Mme. Rene Mathieu, the French tennis star. Mme. Mathieu is commandant of the Corps Feminin, French equivalent of the British Women's Auxiliary Territorial Service.

Mme. Mathieu was three times winner of tennis championships at Wimbledon. Her husband is an officer in the Free French Army.



MR. JUSTICE LOWE

... Melbourne Chancellor

CHANCELLOR of Melbourne University in succession to Sir John Latham, now Australian Minister to Japan, is Mr. Justice Lowe.

One of Australia's leading jurists, and an acknowledged master of English, Judge Lowe is a graduate of Melbourne University. He held a teaching post while studying for his Arts and Law degrees, which he took with honors.

# The Count Came to Call

By DAVID BURNHAM

A Romantic Comedy

Illustrated  
by  
WEP

JUST before midnight I heard a noise in the corridor and opened my bedroom door the width of my eye. It was Nancy again. She was in evening dress, carrying her slippers in her hand. I watched her tiptoe the length of the corridor and start down the stairs.

She disappeared round the bend, and a minute later I heard the front door open, then softly shut. A minute after that I heard a car go into gear a hundred feet up the road. I shrugged my shoulders, went back to bed, and tried to forget the whole thing.

It was none of my business. She was a grown girl, and she had a mother and a father, and it was their affair, not mine, to look after her. My job was the boys. As she had frequently and in no uncertain terms reminded me, how and where and with whom Nancy spent her time was her own funeral.

But it's one thing to tell yourself that, and it's quite another thing to go to sleep.

The morning I arrived, a chauffeur met me at the station in a shooting brake. It was the last week in June, Cannes, before the war; the season was just getting into full stride. The flowers were all out, all the trees were in blossom, the streets were crowded.

The color of the Mediterranean was pure Delft; the back-drop mountains were snow-sprinkled. We drove back towards these, up into the Californie quarter, midway between sea and snow.

Mr. Whitman had rented his villa from a Parisian perfume king. It was in the modern style, white, low, cool, clean-cut. Great plate-glass windows gave on to the sea; outdoor sun decks and terraces were shaded by sugar-stripe awnings; the interior was decorated in cool pastels by a celebrated Finnish architect.

I was shown up to Mr. Whitman's dressing-room. The barber was there, trimming Mr. Whitman's hair while he read the financial page of the Paris "Herald." I introduced myself.

"Graham?" he repeated a little vaguely, then lapsed into silence.

I REMINDED him he had engaged me in Paris a week ago to tutor his sons.

"Of course. Remembered you at once. You're the man what's-his-name, at the bank, dug up." He shook my hand. "Have you seen Mrs. Whitman yet? She's probably out, unless she's broken a leg."

He was a young-looking, successful British business man of about forty-five. He said, going back to his paper: "You'll find the boys outside somewhere. Try the swimming pool first."

They weren't at the pool. But from there I heard the plucking of tennis balls, and walked down to the next level.

Two boys—or rather the same boy twice; ten years old, black-haired, well-built, clean-featured—were playing tennis against their older sister. There seemed to be some question as to whether the last service was inside or out. One of the boys was good-naturedly shouting across the net:

"You're a dirty, rotten cheat!"

"Who's a cheat? Here's the mark. Two feet out."

"You made that mark with your toe. Do you think we didn't see you?"

"Of course we did. What can you expect from a dopey girl?"

"Who's dopey?"

"I wonder. Who's dopey, Michael? You can have two guesses."

The girl said: "You're impossible. That's what I get for playing with children. I wouldn't if there were anything else to do."

One of the twins said to the other: "Who's that weed watching us?"

The girl saw me then for the first time. She blushed. Then she scowled to cover it up. She was dark as her brothers, and at least as handsome. Dressed like them in shorts, she might have been



"I won't take orders from you or anybody else!" said Nancy, turning defiantly on Roger Graham.

"Doesn't he," Michael corrected. "You dope."

Nancy said: "Peter! Michael!" To me she said: "I hope father warned you." But she had to keep herself from smiling.

Michael and Peter started after the toad; no telling when he might come in handy again.

Nancy asked me what train I came on, and I told her.

I asked her whether she liked tennis and she said yes—did I? I did. Neither of us cared much for golf.

The twins were back again, watching me light a cigarette. Seeing that my lighter wouldn't work in the wind, Michael handed me a box of matches.

The match exploded in my face.

Nancy said: "If you'd like to use my belt, Mr. Graham." But she was smiling again; looking down my

nose, I could see that it was covered with soot.

Perhaps, I decided, I didn't want to smoke just now, after all. I put the cigarette back in my case. Peter had given Michael a piece of toffee and was unwrapping one for himself. Michael said: "Aren't you going to give him one?"

Peter politely retrieved the package from under the toad in his pocket, and offered it to me. When I pulled out a piece, a hidden spring snapped out and nipped my finger.

"Very funny," Michael said witheringly. "Here." He gave me a piece from a genuine package from his own pocket.

There was no spring in Michael's toffee. Instead, it was generously flavored with black pepper.

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anywhere from sixteen to twenty-two. She collected her dignity and came over to greet me.

"I'm Nancy Whitman. You must be the new tutor."

"Right, Roger Graham."

"Right, Roger Graham."

"They're your headaches," she said, pointing across the net.

"Heaven help you!" she finished.

Michael and Peter were strolling over, hands in their pockets. "Take your hands out of your pockets," their sister ordered, "and shake hands with Mr. Graham."

Michael, or perhaps it was Peter, held out his hand. When I shook

it, I felt something soft and cold and clammy against my palm. When I took my hand away I was holding a live toad.

"Glad to know you," Michael said. "You know, you shouldn't handle those things. They give you warts."

I dropped the toad on the grass; it hopped indignantly away. There was no toad in Peter's hand. Instead, as soon as our hands met I got a violent electric shock. Soberly watching me jump, Peter said to Michael: "Seems a nervous type, don't he?"

# KITTY FOYLE

**Kitty tries to cure heartache by hard work! . . . A tense climax in our serial**

## WHO'S WHO in the Story:

**T**AKING us vividly back over her past, KITTY FOYLE poignantly reviews her life from childhood days with her adored

POP, and MYRTLE, the faithful colored servant. As a schoolgirl, she stays in Illinois with

UNCLE ELMER and AUNT HATTIE, making a lifelong friendship at high school with

MOLLY SCHARF. Because of Pop's illness, she stays at home looking after him instead of entering college. She meets

WYNNEWOOD STRAFFORD ("Wyn"), son and heir of one of Philadelphia's most exclusive families, and the two fall deeply in love. Kitty works as Wyn's secretary on a magazine that he launches, but it fails. Then because she will not be patronised by his family she goes to New York after Pop's death, and works in the salon of

DELPHINE DETAILLE, clever French beauty expert. Her love for Wyn then brings her to the supreme crisis of her life, but learning that he has become engaged to a girl of his own social standing she resigns him completely, and goes to Delphine for refuge.

Now read on.

**M**AYBE it's good for anyone to find herself once in a while where she doesn't believe what's happening. I didn't figure out how nutty the situation was, there at Delphine's, until I tried to edit it for Molly later on.

Here's K. Foyle exactly not doing everything a woman ought to be good at. She's not even earning a living at a business that's only a fairy tale anyhow, figured on making dames look like something they are not. She's not climbing stairs, there's an elevator to do that for her, and she's not looking the front door nights, there's a big stevedore in uniform.

She's lying in a cellophane boudoir with a maid handing her trays of delicatessen. Even the dog has been plucked until he has to wear an overcoat when he goes into the weather, and he slides across the polished floor like a burlesque comedian because there's nothing he can dig his nails into. That was the winter we got our first exclusive beauty service installed on one of the cruise ships and I had to laugh thinking how even sunshine had to be filtered through some chemical cream.

Delphine and I had some talks along that line, she never minds figuring things out because she won't let it interfere with what she's doing. "There's the great age for cosmetic because the world is decadent. When people are not sure of necessity they crave for luxury. What is most necessary for living? I think it is a feeling of future. If you do not feel sure of future you think you better make whoopee for now, is it not so? Every lipstick we sell is just to sell the customer the idea how important is now."

"And a little hankering for then," I said.

"That is very sage, Keety. You will know more later on, about hankering for then."

I thought I knew plenty, but you don't know how little you know when the parade's going by any given point.

"You have tell me about your good old Philadelphia, but it is not really your Pheely you mean. It is

something in your mind, like Les Andelys in France for me. It is happiness and evanescence. It is some place where everything was fecer for you. Keety, Philadelphia is your Abbe Constantin. We might ask Monsieur to invent us a faint Cologne, we call it Philadelphia, something quite nostalgique and hopeless."

Maybe I laughed, I don't remember. When Delphine was riding me for a laugh she usually got it.

I thought then it was cruel the way she talked, but I guess it was good for me, like peroxide in a cut.

"Your friend, he had the beginning of sentiment," Delphine said one time. "I am glad you love a Philadelphia man. They are like an Englishman who has got over the worst of it."

Keety, I knew an English officer in the war. He is very happy memory. They are simple and so dear, it brings out the best of a woman because she have to think for both."

I once told Molly, I have to be careful to know what I think for myself and what I just picked up from Delphine. I wouldn't give Delphine any idea, naturally, how absolutely perfect things were between Wyn and me. But I'd try out one of her theories on Molly once in a while, to see how she'd react. Delphine says "a man must not have everything, Kitty. Better if he does not think, or does not hear too well, or is ugly, or cannot see a joke. Then you have that good feeling how you have been under your wing,

*Calm and composed, Kitty came forward to receive Wyn's wife.*

If they have everything, how tedious. Keep for the movies."

Molly liked that, I got a notion she was checking over the men she knew to see if any of them had the right kind of deficit.

Molly says it's not fair to get a down on women, because men have so much more time for thinking. They have sort of time between times, what a woman never has. Men don't have to tuck a dress under their knees every time they sit down in a windy subway car, or figure if they'll have a fresh pair of gloves for lunch. A man has more chance to get away from being a man.

Molly says it's been specially tough

of citizens. I like to think of that train blowing whistles all the way across Illinois and Indiana and Pennsylvania, and Molly seeing things out of the window. I used to get mixed up sometimes when I was travelling for Delphine; you see a lot of people who'd like to go where you're going and you see a lot of people staying where you'd like to be. Just for a minute you think it would be nice to stay put, if you know where.

I say to Molly, tell me about America. She knows what I mean, but we're too bashful to say it out. I want to be a good American. Mark is all hopped up about persecutions and refugees in Europe, and natural enough, but I can't go very big on causes that are a long way away. I've got enough of them on my mind right here. There's that elevator boy in this house with a kid that's got paralysis.

I'd be a better American if I married Mark than if I'd married Wyn. I could have made something out of Wyn, something pretty fine and American too, if I'd had the management of him. I'd never need to do that for Mark. He'll make something out of himself and no mistake. I guess you need to be sorry for a man sometimes. It would be hard to be sorry for Mark. He's so confident.

He's got the same kind of sureness, professionally, that the Main Line has socially. He's got respect for intelligence like the Main Line

has for flannel pants without any crease in them. He wouldn't let a woman get the better of him any more than Rosey Rittenhouse would let a polo pony.

The union label of the White Collar Girls is the alarm clock. We certainly worked that summer. After being sick that way naturally I didn't take any vacation except once, in a while Pearl Velour and I got a Saturday-Sunday at a Catskill dude ranch. I actually rode a horse and wondered what Wyn would think. Mostly we rode bicycles up there and I had to laugh because for some reason all the bicycles had fox-tails tied on them, to raise the social standing I suppose.

I had kind of fun watching myself, when I'd meet Pearl's boy friends I'd find myself figuring what if anything could be made out of them if you took them in hand as to clothes and general behaviourism. That's what the Main Line does to you. It's not so good for a girl to get that idea of wanting to recondition all the men she meets. Anyhow that line of Delphine's about a man should have some kind of deficit; they had it.

I got several kinds of pathos in letters from Wyn but I wouldn't let it shake me up, he wasn't so good on paper anyhow, except for Inter-office Memo.

I could see my only chance to play fair was to act just the same as before why should I love him less because they'd got him under contract. What he and I had was always our own and we invented it.

Just the same I had to know how I was going to act when I saw him

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Illustrated by  
JOHN SANTRY

## By Christopher Morley

on women since lately, because they're getting to be citizens, and citizens have no sex. Sometimes I think Molly's getting a little hard. I mean a little sort of angry in the back of her mind. I wish there was some man, good and sweet enough for her, she'd go off the deep end about. There I am, getting back to sex again, like it's so easy to do.

Molly says the Delphine Detaille kind of business depends on a woman never forgetting she's a woman, and that's not fair. She says that's a European kind of an idea, or maybe French. I said nuts, that's universal.

Tell me about America, I always ask her when she comes east and we sit down together like a couple

# THREE BALEFUL Brothers

By RUFUS KING

**F**URS—two handsome pets of soft blue fox—relieved her face from looking negligent, and an effective French hat set off dark hair of an unexciting brown. Only the young woman's fine eyes seemed vital, and they were activated by a gripping, profound sense of fear.

She turned the car between entrance gates, on one of which a sign read: Colin Starr, M.D., and drew up before an ugly, substantial house.

Miss Wadsworth, Starr's secretary, opened the heavy oak door.

The look in the young woman's eyes shocked her, but she said, "Good morning, Miss Shepmann. I'm afraid the doctor's appointments don't start for several hours. He could see you, I think, just after two."

Eleanore Shepmann's gloved hands were trembling. "It isn't that, Miss Wadsworth, I'm not ill. May I come in?"

"Forgive me. Of course."

The heavy oak door closed, shutting out the pale April sunlight.

"You haven't heard?"

"Heard what, Miss Shepmann?"

"Milton Forstair has been shot dead."

"My dear child, you are ill. Sit here. Wait."

Miss Wadsworth moved swiftly into a consulting-room and spoke hurriedly to a man seated at his desk.

"Miss Eleanore Shepmann is here, doctor. Her fiancé, Mr. Milton Forstair, has been shot. He is dead."

His expression changed a little, almost as though the news were not news, but something which he had believed conceivable for some time. He asked Miss Wadsworth to show Miss Shepmann in.

He knew Eleanore Shepmann well, also her three brothers, Humphrey, Walter and Douglas, with the somewhat sinister facades and viperish manner of tongue which it pleased

the young men to present to the world. He knew, too, the glamorous Milton Forstair, an importation from the intellectuals of New York, lured to Laurei Falls by a Mrs. Seldin Parth to hatch her latest movement, a community theatre. One production had occurred to date, an elegant spy affair, larded with military secrets and revolvers.

Forstair's arrival had galvanised the social nerve-centres of the town two months ago. Edna Parth had attended to Forstair's temperamental passion for privacy by installing him aboard her husband's houseboat, the Onega II, which was moored to the dock of their estate on Onega Drive, with all catering and maid-service supplied from the house.

Edna's husband, Seldin Parth, had accepted this installation with the same almost patrician courtesy with which he had become accustomed to accept, for the past several years, Edna's assortment of energetic enthusiasms and, alternatively, depressed moods. Edna was his second wife.

Mr. Parth's first wife had died a decade ago, leaving him a son Jeffrey, who was now twenty-five; a healthy and wholesomely handsome young man with a stolid interest in sport, and very little else. In common with the rest of the country-club crowd, Starr had always taken it for granted that Jeffrey Parth and Eleanore Shepmann would marry. They had grown up together, and the Shepmann and Parth estates touched.

The glittering invasion of Milton Forstair had, however, blasted all that.

Starr went to Eleanore as she

Illustrated by JOHN MILLS



"See that!" said the attorney, grasping Starr's arm.

Douglas Shepmann had stated at the yacht-club bar on Saturday that he would remove Forstair's liver and fry it before he would let him marry his sister. Humphrey had specified tweezers, while Walter, the youngest, had gone into details about aspirin.

Starr contended that the threats were perfectly in character, and just so much wind blown out for effect.

"I'd agree with you, Colin," Hefferfield said, "except for the circumstances of last night. Forstair was

killed about midnight, say half an hour's leeway either way. Well, none of the Shepmann boys has been seen since an hour before that time."

"They're missing?"

"They couldn't be more so. We know that Humphrey Shepmann left a game of poker at the Downtown Club at eleven. He looked at his watch and said that he and his brothers had 'something to attend to.'"

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The diver appeared suddenly with a third pistol in his hand.

The bullets had been abstracted and had established the incriminating fact that they had come from three guns of different calibres; a .25 automatic, a .32 revolver of an old type, and a .763 pistol.

The case, however, did not rest on the gun evidence alone, the district attorney continued.

In addition to the generally known hatred on the brothers' part for Milton Forstair, there had been specific threats.

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## THE SUITORS OF SUE

By Helen Davison

Illustrated by FISCHER

**M**EMORANDA from Joseph Armstrong, head of the Armstrong Rubber Company, were typed on slips of blue paper. Michael brooded over the blue square the office boy had dropped on his desk a few minutes before. Abercrombie was a newcomer; what was the old man thinking of?

He read it again: "Please transfer John Abercrombie to the Tali Burma office. Ask him to be ready to leave as soon as sailing can be arranged."

Abercrombie was green, and wrong for the job. He was an ingratiating youngster, but not the sort one sent into jungle territory to open up new lands. Not the man to handle the firm's export drive.

Michael leaned an elbow on the desk and looked out of the window. Abercrombie was the second man transferred within six months. For a year Michael had wanted to go. But it was always somebody else.

In an office building half a block away he could see people working beside windows. Behind the squares of tape-stripped glass they moved, sat at desks, rose and walked, welded pens, operated adding machines and typewriters.

The tropical colors of Burma, so bright and imminent during his first months in Office 202 of the Armstrong Rubber Company, were fading away, receding into an indeterminate future. It was hard to take. It was like being in love and never able to get close enough to the loved one to touch or see or hear.

For Michael's heart was in the tropical lands of Burma. He could recite the populations of the cities; he knew their average temperature and rainfall; he could trace projected voyages of exploration through districts blank on the map along the rivers; his library was an accumulation of pamphlets, journals, atlases, and books pertaining to the history, geography, and resources of Burma.

His forgotten dinner jacket, hidden behind bits of tropical costume purchased in moments of uncontrollable hope, was gathering dust in a corner of the wardrobe. He spent his evenings over books and maps. He bought old travelogue films and ran them off on a projection machine at home, over and over.

Women found him attractive, but Michael was married to a dream. How he became wedded in this fashion, and why he was determined to live in the tropics, preferably within travelling distance of the jungle, were questions not easily answered.

For as long as he could remember he had been snugly wrapped up in the equator, and in recent years he had selected the steaming jungles of Burma as his goal. He had said good-bye to his vision when war was

declared and volunteered to join up. But Joseph Armstrong handed him back his dream by reserving him as a key man in their vital export commitments.

Apart from this passion to get out of London and into shorts and a pith helmet, Michael was a clear-witted young man of more than average acumen. Since he had no money except what he could earn, he went to work for the Armstrong Rubber Company, where, he shrewdly surmised, opportunities for a transfer to Burma were not beyond a young man's reasonable expectation.

A year of earnest and intelligent labor landed him in Office 202, which was only one step removed from a post in a torrid corner of Burma. But, when an opening occurred, it was Henry Blikes who was sent, somewhat against his will and despite the fact that Michael was the next in line. And now Abercrombie.

When Michael showed him the blue slip Abercrombie swore brilliantly and at some length, then sat down and lit a cigarette, muttering.

Michael turned again to look out of the window. "Don't you want to go?" he asked.

"To bury myself in that sweatbox of a place? Who would?" He blew a smoke ring, and watched it bounce and scatter against the window pane. "Oh, I'll go, of course. But I should have known it would happen. I wonder the old man didn't turn the heat on before this." He grinned and shook his head. "There's going to be a colony of us

out there pretty soon: the Suitors of Sue."

"The what?"  
"Skip it." Abercrombie rose and stamped out the cigarette. "Better go and see about my passage."

"Get yourself a pith helmet," Michael advised, trying to smile; and a hair shirt might be a good idea. Got to watch your character down there, you know. The white man degenerates in the tropics."

"That's the only aspect of the picture that looks attractive," said Abercrombie as he left.

That evening, stretched out on the sofa with a long drink (compounded from a recipe popular in the tropics) beside him, Michael opened "The Travels of Richard Blasdon," an account of exploration in the Burma forests in the eighteenth century.

"Blasdon," said the introduction, "was there before modern science attacked the mosquito and malaria. Before the development of the rubber industry."

Before the Suitors of Sue. The phrase popped into his head and his mind drifted from the page.

The Suitors of Sue. Office gossip said Abercrombie had recently been running round with Susan Armstrong. Blikes had been dancing attendance on her just before he was sent away. And before him there had been Oatley, Michael's predecessor in Room 202; the story was that

Oatley had tried to marry the boss' daughter when she was scarcely sixteen, and had promptly been shipped off. So that was it.

Michael turned on his side and lay staring at the drink; it stood beside a heap of unanswered letters on the small table.

There were two ways to conduct an existence. One was to let life happen to you, and the other was to make it happen. Resignation was a dullish sort of cowardice. It was good enough up to a certain point to be a wistful wisher after miracles; after that certain point you did something about it.

But what to do? Well, for one thing, he could go to Joseph Armstrong and point out that this was no way to run a business. You couldn't go on sending men to foreign offices because you wanted to get them out of the way of your daughter. There was a limit to that. Powerful as you were, you couldn't exile the entire male population. Or he could work on Abercrombie, filling him with tall tales about malignant spiders that got into the soup, and mammoth snakes that crept into beds, and men who went loony with the heat, and . . .

Thought suddenly ceased in a breathless hiatus, then rolled on again, but in a different direction. For Michael was looking at the pile of letters next to the glass.

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# Miss 1941 . . . helps to win the war



GIRL MUNITION-WORKERS at lunch at factory of Amalgamated Wireless of Australasia Ltd. These girls are working on percussion fuses as checkers and burrs.

## Girl workers are proud of their job making equipment for our soldiers

By DOROTHY DRAIN, Australian Women's Weekly reporter, who is making an officially sponsored tour of munitions factories.

I have just come back from looking over munitions factories, where thousands of girls are employed in the job of providing equipment for Australia's fighting forces.

I met a new Australian type evolved by the war . . . the munitioneer.

I SAW these girls, drawn from typewriter, from shop counter, from factory or leisured home life, all happy in the thought that their new employment is contributing to Australia's war effort.

From them all I gained a picture of Miss Munitioneer . . . She is surrounded by the whirr of machinery, her pretty face set in intense concentration (her hair and complexion just so) and her deft fingers capably, ceaselessly engaged on some small part of the enormous and complex job of munitions-making.

At one I saw the girls employed in the manufacture of fuses, those intricate pieces of mechanism which explode snells and mines.

Employers have found that the smaller fingers of girls are better adapted to many of the more delicate operations in assembling and checking.

I found that most of these girls don't regard munitions making merely as a job which provides them with the wherewithal to live and clothe themselves.

They really feel that they are doing something tangible towards helping to win the war.

Pretty brunette Winifred Atkinson, a checker of percussion fuses at the factory of Amalgamated Wireless of Australasia, gave up an equally good job in a confectionery factory for this.

"I could go back there, and I liked it," she told me. "But I have a brother overseas. I feel somehow I'm helping him."

All these girls give the lie to any notion that women need lose their femininity in an environment of machinery, noise, and the smell of oil.

If you take a look round the A.W.A. annexe with its bright-blue-uniformed girls (armed guards, barbed wire, and the need for official passes will probably prevent you), you might think that these young women had been transplanted straight from a beauty chorus.

How they keep that unruffled and



NANCY PAGE (left) and Madge Lawrence make springs for percussion fuses at the A.W.A. factory, while Lorna Percy (right) checks them. They can make 4000 springs a day.

attractive air with work that allows little recourse to the powder puff is a mystery particularly interesting to the feminine mind.

I asked one girl. She laughed. "It's just a question of wanting to look my best all the time," she said. "Vanity, if you like."

"This isn't actually dirty work. I wear gloves, as most of us do, and freshen up my face and hair at lunch-time."

"It seems to help your work if you feel you look tidy and attractive."

A percussion fuse is a highly-complicated article, composed of 25 parts.

### Precision work

THE A.W.A. girls are employed as checkers, that is, checking the parts with gauges for the purpose, or burrs, which entails removing of roughnesses with files.

Some of the parts require checking with as many as 15 gauges, accurate to as small a fraction as one-eight-thousandth of an inch.

The girls sit or stand at benches. The checkers work beside the male operators of various lathes, who hand to them the fuse parts for checking.

At the work-benches I found girls from all sorts of occupations. Here is a selection:

Molly Flaherty, of Dulwich Hill, former international cricketer, visited England with the Australian women's cricket team in 1937.



SOLDIER'S WIFE, Mrs. Dora Seymour, drilling fuses at Gilbert and Barker's factory. Her husband, Gunner Jim Seymour, is in the Middle East.

Two blonde cousins, Patricia Lang and Glenda Birkenhead, of Ashfield. Tall, fair, blue-eyed, both immaculately groomed and manicured, they are ex-mannequins, now both checkers.

Margaret Anderson and Olga Wilson, of Allawah, both deaf and dumb, are employed as burrs. Margaret formerly worked in a case-making factory. Olga was a tailress.

Blue-eyed, brunette Jean Lucas is the wife of Driver E. Lucas, of the A.I.F. Before her marriage three years ago she was a theatre usher.

Now while her husband is fighting she has gone back to work, and is paying off furniture in the little flat at Concord at which she awaits his return.

Two bright-eyed nineteen-year-olds, Madge Lawrence and Nancy Page, are proud of their skill as spring makers, in which they have surpassed the output of men formerly employed on the job.

They turn out these tiny piano-wire springs, part of percussion fuses, at the rate of 4000 a day.

In the army inspection section of the factories (these munitions factories each have a number of Government checkers who give the final O.K. to the factory's output) is grey-haired, soignée Mrs. Kathleen Mackell.

Mrs. Mackell used to be a matron-maqueline in leading city stores, and worked for a well-known corset firm.

In Gilbert and Barker's factory girls are also employed on assembling another type of fuse, used in tank traps.

Here all female labor is supervised by a forewoman welfare worker, Mrs. E. Wilcox.

Mrs. Wilcox, a cheerful Englishwoman who served as a V.A.D. in the last war, supervises the girls as, sitting on high stools, each operates on one stage of the assembly of the section of the fuse.

Mrs. Wilcox also does similar work to that of the welfare matron of

A.W.A., cares for the general welfare of the women employees.

At the factory I met another soldier's wife, Mrs. Dora Seymour, of Bexley, whose husband, Gunner Jim Seymour, is somewhere in the Middle East.

"I haven't heard from him for a while now," she said. "I think he must have been in Greece. But he must be all right or I would know by now."

Mrs. Seymour has a two-year-old daughter, whose grandmother cares for her during the day.

"Work helps the family finances and keeps my mind occupied when the news is scarce," she said. "Be-

sides, I feel I'm giving Jim a hand to win the war, somehow," she added with a smile.

At both of these factories I noticed a competitive spirit among the girls. Although their output does not affect their wage, they are all jealous of their reputations for speed and accuracy.

"It is a spirit that we are proud of," said a supervisor. "We find that if we want the output speeded up on a particular day we simply have to say: 'Look, girls, we want an extra number of these ready by this afternoon. Can you do it?' And they can—and do."

See pictures page 9.

## 'NUGGET'



### MAKES THE SHINE

### AND THE SHOES



### LAST LONGER

... There's greater PERMANENCE in Nugget's brilliant shine! ... There's greater PROTECTION FOR LEATHER in its extra "body" ... And every tin lasts longer. You gain in every way by using Nugget Shoe Polish.

MILITARY TAN, DARK TAN, BLACK, BLUE and WHITE

# Perth heroine met the Queen...



**BOMB-WRECKED BUILDING.** Stella O'Keefe climbed to the ninth floor of such a ruin to make an A.R.P. rescue.



**THE QUEEN** inspects a Canadian regiment. She congratulated Stella O'Keefe when reviewing London's Auxiliary Ambulance Service.



**STELLA O'KEEFE**, of Perth, first Australian A.R.P. worker to be presented to the Queen for air-raid bravery.

## She saved trapped family of three by hazardous nine-story climb

By our West Australian representative

Stella O'Keefe, well-known Perth girl, was the first Australian A.R.P. worker to be presented to the Queen for outstanding bravery in one of the worst air raids on London.

She was mainly responsible for the rescue in pitch darkness of a Royal Armored Corps brigadier and his wife and child who were hemmed in by masonry on the ninth and top floor of a bombed building.

**A**MBULANCE colleagues have nicknamed Stella O'Keefe "The Mighty Atom" in recognition of her wonderful spirit.

They were all delighted when Stella was chosen from the ranks of London's Auxiliary Ambulance Service to be presented to the Queen when Her Majesty reviewed the Service for the first time.

The Queen was deeply impressed when she heard the citation of "The Mighty Atom's" bravery, and congratulated her warmly.

Petite, with a fleck of auburn in her brown hair, and with eyes of the deepest Irish-blue, Stella was born at Kookynie, W.A., now an almost forgotten mining town, then inhabited by men who sought the yellow metal amidst discomfort and hardship.

Descendant of an ancient Irish family whose lineage goes back into the mists of the Emerald Isle, she is the daughter of a widely-known and much-loved goldfields couple, Mr. and Mrs. Michael O'Keefe, who were among the pioneers.

Stella was born with the dancing feet that make the Irish world-roamers, and from tender years always had the desire for adventure.

### Fighting family

**S**HE has two brothers in uniform.

Captain B. J. O'Keefe, of the Dental Section, Northern A.I.F. Camp, and Flight-Lieut. Kevin O'Keefe, of Pearce Aerodrome.

Mr. D. J. O'Keefe, Speaker of the Tasmanian House of Assembly, is her uncle.

First a teacher with the Education Department of West Australia, Stella O'Keefe left her native State six years ago for London to undertake a three years' course in eurythmics and kindred subjects.

This finished, she made a Continental tour which ended in her accepting a 12 months' engagement to act as governess to the family of a Czechoslovakian Count.

The day before the Germans entered Vienna she was in Austria, and was among the last Britons to be able to quit that unhappy country.

She returned to West Australia for a short holiday, and visited the eastern States.

Then she decided to take a further course in London.

Stella arrived in England just as the war seemed imminent, and so she immediately joined up with a London ambulance corps in connection with the A.R.P. organization.

To-day she has charge of one of its ambulance stations, and has been driving continuously in one of the worst bombed areas of all London.

All Stella's friends knew her as a purposeful and resourceful girl.

Once she set her mind on anything it would be done. That determination carried through this latest brave act.



Just outside London is a little pub called the "Red Lion." Here, of an evening, local residents and members of a nearby military camp foregather for their leisurely pint of "old and mild." Sitting slightly apart is a business man... middle aged, observant, reserved. This gentleman recently wrote to the London office of Kiwi... here is part of his letter:-

"I say your best advertisement is in the form of a Regimental Sergeant Major who is often to be seen in the 'Red Lion' Hotel when off duty. His entire appearance is smartness itself, but his brown boots and belt surpass everything I have ever seen leather look such a picture."

"I have often wondered what polish he uses, but have never had sufficient courage to ask him. A few days ago, however, I was in the hotel when the landlord asked the question I had always wanted to, and the soldier's reply was the one word 'Kiwi'."

"I need hardly mention that from now on I shall have no other polish in my household."

This is just another instance of Kiwi speaking for itself. For despite the fact that Kiwi had been popular in England for over 20 years, it needed this little incident, this proof positive that Kiwi was the finest polish to shine and preserve leather, to convince this man sufficiently for him to buy it himself. Wherever you go, you'll notice that all the best polished shoes are shined with Kiwi.



### How to get that Mirror-finish Shine with KIWI

First of all rub the dust off the shoes. Then with a piece of cloth wrapped round the fingers, rub in a fair quantity of Kiwi Polish. When the polish is well rubbed in dip the cloth in water (which you can have ready in the top of the tin) and rub thoroughly all over the shoes. Now polish briskly whilst there are still little globules of water over the shoes. A perfect "mirror finish" will result.



# KIWI

BLACK • DARK TAN • ARMY TAN



Why is she so glamorous—so appealing—so different?

Long days on the beach don't drive her to her dressing-table. For she has a Creme Simon complexion. Sea and sun can't ravage or roughen it. Her beauty's a flower that never wilts.

CREME SIMON, the different skin-food used a different way—while your face is damp. Its gentle tonic action keeps skin firm, supple, smooth.

## CRÈME SIMON

CRÈME SIMON PRODUCTS ARE UNIVERSALLY FAMOUS

## WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE—

Without Calomel—And You'll Jump out of Bed in the Morning Full of Vim.

The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Wind bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, tired and weary and the world looks blue. Laxatives are only makeshifts. A mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get those two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazingly making bile flow freely. Ask for CARTER'S Little Liver Pills by name. Stubbornly refuse anything else.

## MUNITIONEERS



**MRS. JEAN LUCAS**, soldier's wife, feels she is helping her husband beat Hitler by making munitions. "Extra money helps pay off our furniture, too," she said. Was theatre usher, now a burrer — files rough edges off fuse parts.



**PATRICIA LANG**, blonde, blue-eyed, and beautifully groomed, thinks "munitions are more important than fashions now." Was model and mannequin for stores and photographers. Is now one of final checkers of fuse bodies.



**MRS. KATHERINE MACKELL** is "happier doing war work." Formerly matron model for corset manufacturer and stores, is now Government inspector working in A.W.A. munitions factory. Checks completed percussion fuses.



**MOLLY FLAHERTY**, one of Australian women cricketers who played for Australia in England in 1937, is a checker. "I loved England and felt I must do something to fight the Nazis, who are wrecking its beauty," she said.

**L**IKE Pop said sometimes, nabocklah! which is Irish for let's not worry too much. What's the good getting yourself in a frenzy to figure things beforehand. Maybe it works out how you couldn't have planned.

Wyn called me on his way to Rhode Island. I met him at Giono's like old times, there was the same water bottle on the corner table. But I had myself in good shape with a hair-do and a new hat I liked. Wyn, my darling, how could you know I was just holding myself together with an act. I was afraid you'd want me, and I was afraid you wouldn't. Every time you think Wyn's dumb he surprises you, instead of the usual Scotch he called for Mint Juleps, which sort of seemed to indicate that things had changed somehow, but his fingers in between mine felt just the same,

what we called interlocking directorate, made my spine feel it wanted to sneeze.

Everything was so sweet, I could almost think we were still really us and I was memorising him more than he would ever know. Then after a while he told me that Parry Berwyn was travelling up to Rhode Island with him and Parry would join us at Giono's. That was something different all right. I was just a little hurt, I guess, and after a while I was a little grateful because it made saying good-bye easier when they went on the sleeper. I wondered was I letting him down easy or was he letting me down easy. It's better not to wonder. There isn't any easy way down that drop.

You can't help wondering things

## Kitty Foyle

Continued from page 4

that aren't fair. Blessed Wyn, was he simple enough to figure it would be good for my morale if Parry made a pass at me? Parry had a bit of a yen that way, back in the magazine days, and I couldn't help tipping Wyn off about it, because naturally I wouldn't want Parry to barge into an embarrassing situation. Wyn said, "I admire his taste and deplore his ethics."

It's hard though when you have to get someone in from outside to help you round corners. The right kind of corners only have two sides to them. The way I'd have to work it with Mark would be never let him know if I was at any kind of a left turn.

I could feel the lights were changing on us, I didn't just know which

way. Like when you come unexpected onto a yellow light and you don't know how it's turning, from red to green or from green to red. I guess it's good dope, always make a full stop before you turn into an arterial highway. If you're alone a lot you can think up all kinds of ideas. I wouldn't be surprised if you get good at being lonely if you have enough practice.

It was funny though, that was the first time Wyn and I were together when I had to hold back and remember there were things not to tell him. When there was so much he didn't know, I guess it was only right there would be things he didn't tell too.

The way I always time things, or the way something times them for me, seems as if I walk right on to the razor blades. There's that day this very summer when I had to run over to Philly to see what I could do to help poor old Mac. He's been on relief, I was thinking maybe I'd better take little Kitty to live with me. She's ten years old. Here's K. Foyle, going to be just another aunt, like Aunt Hattie?

I got off at 30th Street Station and walk out for a cab, and along comes a station wagon just pulling up under those pillars, marked Darby Mill. Not a nice old tumble-down station wagon neither, but a brand shiny new one, I bet Ronnie wouldn't understand how much smarter the old one was.

Sitting with the driver was a little boy in a sailor suit, pretty near seven years old, I guess. In the back was a nursemaid and a cunning little girl in a pink floppy hat, maybe about four. On their way to Rhode Island most likely. He had a lovely bright little face and something written on the ribbon of his hat. Maybe it said Wynnwood Strafford VII. I took one look, and thought maybe somebody's meeting them. I felt as lonely as any criminal outcast, and got out of there the same way.

**O**N my way back to Mac's I bought a bottle of the Pope's telephone, I thought it would do him good, at least that's what I told him. Poor old Mac, think of even him having thoughts underneath. He's getting up towards forty and you don't like to have brothers that far along.

Pop said once, "We had bad luck with our kids, they've all grown up." Mac was telling me how when he was little he used to wrinkle up his forehead when he looked at it in the glass because he was ashamed of it being so smooth and he wanted to be grown up like Pop. Pop always had wonderful wrinkles, maybe from squinting at cricket balls in the sun.

I hadn't realised, till Mac ran into hard luck, he might have thoughts of his own inside. I bet he even idealised the Torresdale girl until he believed she was Main Line. Maybe that's what being young is for. Your mind needs an uplift.

But all told I was too busy that '31 year to think much. You really get interested in a job there's a lot of fun in. What's more, hard work's not a bad cure for heartache—worth trying, anyway.

But every now and again I'd wonder a bit whether they have surf at Bailey's Head as tall as those big green breakers with petticoats down along Jersey, and whether Ronnie had a good-looking bathing suit. Once in a while I'd let out a few remarks to Nicolai, which is good for the soul. "There's a beautiful dame swimming up on Rhode Island," I said, "tell me, is there a good strong undertow up there?"

He says, "Maybe her bathing cap don't fit. Salt water's terrible on the hair."

What I liked about Pearl, it seems she'd had man trouble, too, and we would go over to Giono's together and do a double-act which rated Big Time. This was partly because I was sore when Parry Berwyn tried to make a date with me when he got to Grand Central on his way home. He told me over the phone, which was as close as he got, that Wyn had been sent from Newport out to Detroit and wouldn't come back through New York.

"They want him to see what a depression looks like in its home town. They think it'll make a better banker out of him," he explained. "They'll never make a good banker out of Wyn, he's too sweet."

"Say listen, Kitty, you got bankers all wrong. What about having dinner and let me advise you?"

"My capital's all invested," I said.

**D**ELPHINE Detaille Inc. never had an outlet in Philly up to that autumn because Delphine couldn't get the terms she wanted and anyhow she said Philadelphia could wait; it was used to it. But our products were going swell, and news of the Olympia specially was getting around among people who mattered. The Big Store wanted us now the worst way, and offered us a contract for the exclusive Delphine Detaille representation.

When Delphine gets the turkey on the platter she serves it right, and our opening was plotted like a peace conference. Pearl Velour went over to give the newspapers the background stuff on the Romantic Story of Delphine Detaille Beauty Products, dating from the trenches of France, etc., together with handout stories on Mr. Detaille as a scientist.

Pearl always makes a hit with the beauty editors because she's so homely herself, and she's too smart ever to say anything specific about age in her copy.

Everybody knows the middle-age group is the butter and eggs of the cosmetic business, but as far as we would let on in print middle-age is something we never heard about. With the advertising big shot from the store doing a little crooning in the background Pearl would plant the publicity dope, and on the opening madame herself would come over from New York to give her lecture and consultation.

It had to be good, too, because every competitor had somebody there taking it all in and ready to get out the knife any way he could. There wasn't any Act those days about treating all dealers alike, and the whole discount situation was simply who-all would spoon out the richest gravy.

Delphine liked to give actual demonstration on a model together with her lecture. But for some reason, I think she thought she was doing me a favor, she decided to take me along with her for the Philly opening and work on me.

Then I was to stay there as demonstrator in the store, till we got one of the regular staff broken in so she could do justice to our line. The last thing in the world I wanted to do just then was be around the old home town, but after all Delphine had done for me how could I duck it.

They had the auditorium crowded, I remember how pleased the cosmetics buyer was because even old Mrs. Foxcroft was down front with her ear trumpet, which set the tone of the occasion. Actually I think the old lady was just wandering round the store and came upstairs thinking it was something about literature. Those dowager charge accounts get most of their education in the department stores. That was the first time I heard Delphine do her stuff in public. It's a wonderful act because she never tries to do any selling. Of course, as a matter of fact our whole technique is to prevent people from buying anything unless they've had a personal analysis and been told what to use.

Every once in a while she'd say something in French as if she'd just thought of it for the first time, and give them a kick by not translating it, sort of assuming they got it. But she always takes care to put over the same idea in English a few sentences after. I bet it's the only beauty talk in the world that never mentions youth, which is a fighting word for lots of dames.

She says the poet is all wrong who said beauty is only skin-deep; beauty begins in the mind. That's good dope, because everybody figures she has one. It's not hokey either, there's a famous doctor in New York who sends his melancholias to see Delphine as a part of his treatment, he says no woman can be really healthy unless she feels she's looking her best.

Please turn to page 12

**HURRAH! RINSO NOW IN 2 SIZES**

**THE NEW MONEY-SAVING PACKET FOR ME**

**NEW GIANT SIZE**  
— twice the quantity —  
less than twice the price

**Rinso**  
GIVES THICKER, RICHER SUDS

**GLORY BE! YOUR WASH IS SHADES WHITER WITH RINSO'S THICKER, RICHER SUDS**

**AND YOU SHOULD SEE MY COLOURS! THOSE RICH, FAST-WORKING RINSO SUDS KEEP 'EM FRESH AND GAY**

**QUITE RIGHT ANNIE — AND RINSO'S A MARVEL WITH DAINTY SILKS AND WOOLIES**

A LEVER PRODUCT

4.392.15

**Soothe TIRED BURNING EYES!**

A drop of Murine in each eye night and morning brings amazing relief. . . . Ask your Chemist.

(Clinton-Williams Pty. Ltd., Sydney)

**MURINE**  
FOR YOUR EYES

## SAFETY AND COMFORT ... for mothers

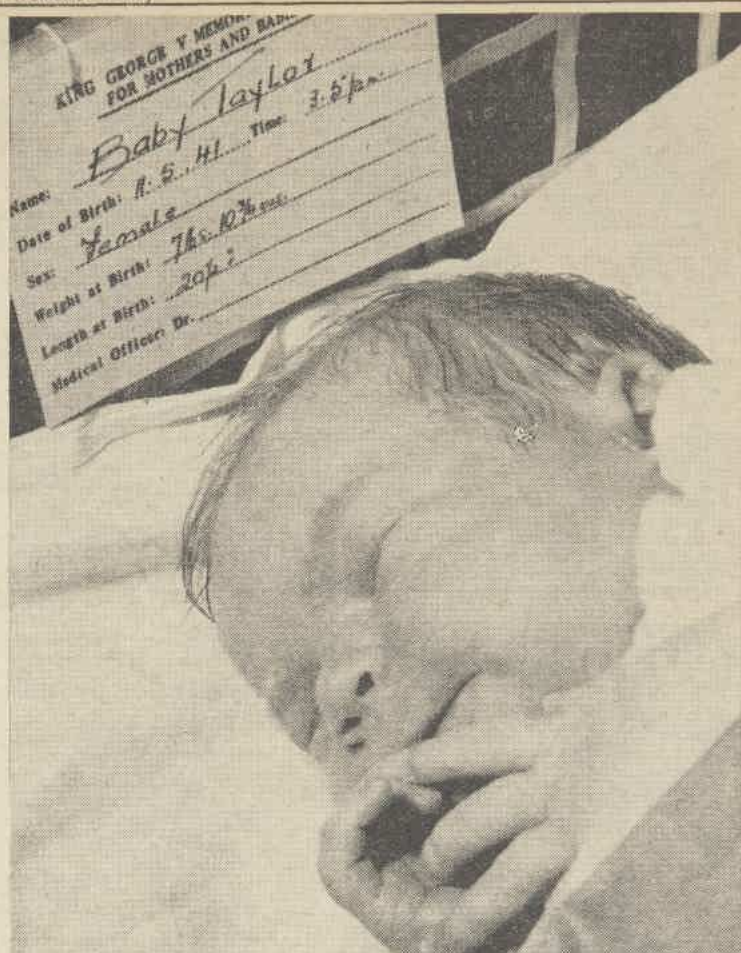
THE 219 beds at the new King George V Memorial Hospital for Mothers and Babies at Camperdown, Sydney, are rapidly filling with happy mothers. Equipped with the most modern obstetric inventions, the hospital is bringing safety and comfort to Australian mothers and Australia's best immigrants.



**CALL SYSTEM.** Patient calls for nurse through speaking - tube.



**MESSAGE** received at corridor office where patients' charts are kept.



**FIRST BABY BORN** at new hospital, Brenda Georgina Taylor, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. Taylor, of Annandale. Brenda is the third child in the family.



### QUICK RELIEF FROM CONSTIPATION

Here's how you can get prompt, pleasant relief from constipation. To-night, before going to bed, take one or two NYAL FIGSEN tablets. Figsen is easy and pleasant to take; no stomach upsets, no gripping pain. In the morning Figsen acts—mildly, thoroughly and effectively. Figsen is so gentle and natural that, only for the pleasant relief it brings, you would scarcely know you had taken a laxative. Figsen is sold by chemists everywhere—1/3d a tin. *The next best thing to Nature.*

**Nyal Figsen**  
FOR CONSTIPATION



### There's DANGER in the smallest SCRATCH!

Scratches inflicted by children's pets, and little skin-breaks caused in playing—even the most harmless little wound is a potential source of serious infection. Treat them immediately with Iodex, the finest of all antiseptic ointments. Iodex does not stain, irritate or blister the skin.

PRICE 2/1 from all chemists.

**IODEX**  
NO-STAIN IODINE



**SLIDING BED-TRAYS** provide mirrors or book-rests. Mrs. Florence Cornford, of Earlwood (nearest camera), and Mrs. Taylor, of Annandale, find them an added comfort.



**IDENTIFICATION** wrist and ankle tapes being sewn on.



**DOCTOR** adjusts self-anesthetising apparatus.

## Damp-set YOUR HAIR WITH VELMOL

Style by  
A. Brown Salon

### IN THRILLING WAVES AND SOFT-MOULDED CURLS!

Now you can have hair groomed to perfection the whole week through! Damp-setting, Hollywood's hair secret, enables you to keep your hair in sparkling waves and lovely curls... perfectly groomed for all occasions.

**THREE EASY STEPS...** 1. Run a wet comb through your hair to damp it. 2. Brush a few drops of VELMOL through the hair, and 3. Arrange waves and curls with fingers and comb.

What a glorious change damp-setting makes in dull unruly hair! Instantly revives your wave. Hair becomes lustrous and silky-soft—never stiff or "oily"! Damp-set with VELMOL regularly to keep your hair-style "salon-fresh." Ask for VELMOL, at chemist, store, hairdresser. A bottle lasts months.

Clinton-Williams Pty. Ltd., Sydney



## DELPHINE

"Beauty is not luxury, but self-respect; le joli c'est le nécessaire," and they give her a hand.

Then she has me come out, looking plain and mousy and with no make-up of any kind. She explains that I'm one of her own assistants, she won't do anything showy by calling for a stranger from the audience because she wouldn't want to embarrass her. She illustrates how we work out our questionnaire chart, skin reaction and acide sebaceous and what modern civilisation does to dry up the face, and please be careful about soap.

Next, she starts putting different colored lights on me to show how some people's eyes change with the scenery and how different tones of lip rouge bring out different ideas. She says how Virgil put it that woman is mutable and this is our mutableness test, that plays anybody who happens to be there from Bryn Mawr.

She puts the cream right into my hand, makes me do the whole octave of finger motions and you can see ladies unconsciously trying to memorise them by waving their fat

hands as they sit there. We go through the questions on the chart and she fills it in for my own Personal Requirements.

The cleansing cream and the astringent oxidising cream—try a facial cocktail instead of whisky. It'll make you feel just as good and don't damage your insides. And the powder base and the rouge and the lip rouge and then the powder after the rouge and how the powder on the lipstick helps to set it. And how to vary your different perfumes for different days and different times of the day. You wouldn't want to use the same fragrance on a Thursday afternoon, when the maid goes out, as on a Friday evening when you have your box at the Orchestra.

That combines the homely touch and the shi-shi and they're all pleased.

I sit there while this is going on, and she explains that I have natural wistful purple in my eyelids so I don't need much eye-shadow, and that woman's beauty must be coordinated to the occasion, the simple

## Kitty Foyle

Continued from page 10

discretion of the Killarney would be all right for me in church or on a Thursday, but for the competitive hours of evening maybe I might soar as high as the Olympia. One final caution, she says: If you think you're going to do any crying, better use the waterproof mascara. But clients of the Delphine Detalle treatment should have no occasion for weeping.

Oh yeah?

I'm wondering if anybody's there from Darby Mill, but at least by the time Delphine gets through with me they wouldn't recognise me.

Delphine went back to New York after her lecture and left me to do demonstrating at the store for a couple of weeks. It's good I was busy, of course I had to train the girl who was going to take over the work. Delphine said I should take a room at an hotel, I guess she was right. I was too tired to travel out to Mac's in Tigra. But it's a funny feeling living in an hotel in your own home town, it's not good for you.

That's probably what's wrong with a lot of us, living sort of hotel hideaway with no front door onto fresh air.

I had to send a report to Delphine every night on the day's business, but there was one thing I didn't mention by name.

Mrs. Pingry, the cosmetics buyer, tells me she's made a special appointment for a very important customer. I must please shoot the works on this dame because she's readying herself to make a killing at the Assembly, and if we sell her the line and get her chattering about the Personalised Service then we're right inside the Holy City.

Naturally most of our contented cows had been in the middle-age bracket; the kids are too sure of themselves to worry about crepey cheek-bones, and I supposed this would be another Main Line veteran. But it turns out to be Ronnie—Wyn's wife!

## O

f all the cursed things. But I come forward calm and composed to receive her. That stretch, though, going over Ronnie to brighten her up for what I couldn't have. Maybe I was a bit hard on her in my mind, but in a way she was a nice kid. Oh, she's no ball of fire and I wouldn't be surprised if she has trouble with her skin if she hunts the fox too much. She might get that wholesome tweed-skirt Wayne-Devon-and-Paoli look.

She's got a nice natural wave to her hair, but not much sparkle to it, that off-color between mud-blonde and brunette. The geranium lipstick she was using made her mouth look even bigger than it need to. What she didn't know about make-up would fill Saks-Fifth Avenue. Her manners were so pleasant it would be hard to know if she was really dumb or not; of course all those vintage Main Liners pride themselves to be just lovely with the lower classes as long as they don't go beyond their proper station, which would be probably Overbrook.

I could have sold her anything. Christopher Columbus, what a chance to load her up with the wrong tones and an overnight cream that would cackle up that face like a nutmeg grater. Just once in a while, with my hands on her neck, I could have snatched out a tonsil or two. Matter of fact I gave her the best I knew how, and if she follows instructions those pores round her nose won't show up till it won't matter anyway.

She'd heard about the Olympia, like everybody, and of course she wanted some. She said she was going to wear a very swish job for the Assembly, gold net over white satin and insertions of green lace on the skirt. I wasn't so sure about that green lace; sounded to me like it would pick up the color of her eyes which had more than enough green in them already. Still and all that wasn't my department. Nobody in her senses offers too much advice about a woman's dress after she's already picked it out.

I toned down her lipstick department, it was killing whatever she had in the way of eyes. A touch more orange would bring up the gold in them; I imagine they'd be really good by candlelight. But I wouldn't sell her any Olympia. I'm still kind of proud about that. She begged hard, the kid had a notion it was just what she needed, but I argued her out of it.

It was certainly too subtle for a wallpaper effect like gold net and white satin, and it wouldn't have the authority she would need after the cloakroom Clover Clubs had worn off. But the important thing was, why should I want to hurt Wyn? The minute he got a whiff of Olympia he'd think of nothing but Kitty. I knew what it meant to him.

It meant twilight high up in that hotel and bell chimes floating outside, and it meant the smell of my hair when we were dancing. He said it made him think with his nostrils, and I said that was as good thinking as he was likely to do.

Poor blessed baby, men like to think they're so amorous and if they knew the half of it they're really so helpless.

I guess Ronnie wanted to be smart by quantity production, but it doesn't come that way. That's just shi-shi, things that would be smart if there weren't so many of them. To let her have the Olympia would be selling what's not for sale, memories of our own. I gave her the Killarney.

I took a lot of trouble and she was grateful. She asked if she might have my name so she could come and consult me again. I said we weren't allowed to give our names.

I told Polly, the girl I was training, never to let Mrs. Strafford use the Olympia, it had just the wrong wave-length for her type. Polly made a note of it on the Customers' Histories file, and said it's wonderful Miss Foyle, how do you get to know these things by intuition? I said it's a kind of instinct, you've got to develop it.

Of course it's no use to think you won't meet people in Philly. All the shopping that amounts to anything socially is along those few blocks on Chestnut and Walnut, and sure enough one day when I went out for lunch I ran into Wyn. There had to be comedy about it, he was standing by the kerb scraping one of those beautiful brown shoes on the edge. He said, "Kitty, this is very embarrassing, I walked on some chewing gum, I can't imagine where."

It was just before I was going back to New York, and I had my work pretty well under control. Of course, I didn't tell him I'd met Ronnie, and I was glad I played so square in the cosmetic crisis because even while we were kidding I could see the black centres of his eyes get bigger and I knew we were going to have one more time to ourselves. I had built up no many things I couldn't tell him, it was good to be able to come clean about one thing, that was that I loved him.

It's sweet to remember how the last time I saw him we were all by ourselves and no tally-ho from the sidelines by Parry Berwyn. That night he took me up to the Rising Sun dance hall and got them to play our favorite tunes.

Last thing he ever said, "Good-bye, darling, take care of yourself."

Take care of yourself, Wyn, I can't do it any more.

It's no use telling yourself what you're not going to think about. You think about it that much more. Probably Delphine knew that. She could see how I was empty inside, like one of those crabs you find on the beach. She celebrated my twenty-first birthday by giving me a rise and sending me to do demonstration in Chicago.

I guess there weren't many people getting rises in January '32. That was about the time they said grass would be growing in the streets; it wasn't likely, too many people were pounding them looking for work.

That two years in Chicago was a Comedy Period. A little comedy was good for me just then, though there was plenty of heartburn underneath, and I don't mean just what we got from the antipasto at Enrico's place. Like when we started calling the apartment the School for Brides, or when Molly pulled the gold lame dress out of a cedar bag. She'd saved it all that time, the Assembly Dress. We covered some cushions with it, I wasn't going to let anyone else wear it.

Molly said of course I must live with her and Pat Kenzie in their new place at Tuscan Court, furnished studios off Michigan Avenue with a yard full of stone sculptural and Enrico's spaghetti joint on the premises. It was a good chance for me to help them out, I was getting twenty-eight a week and expense-money extra, I felt badly to be paid so much more than those kids. All three of us were at Palmer's, me in the Beauty Salon and Molly in

## Animal Antics



"Dressed chicken . . . ha! One of those city-feller jokes!"

Decorating and Pat had been switched to stockings. We had the alarm clock in common, but besides that was the team play a troupe of girls learn when they live together.

We called Molly "Madam" because she sort of took charge. She said she was never sure which one was the real Comedy Relief, Pat or me, but of course it was Pat. You don't get fed so many laughs unless there are men in the picture somewhere and Pat had a whole rooster of them roped for beef. Looking after her was good training in what you might call strategy, though once in a while it would get tiresome sitting through a movie because Pat wanted to entertain a boy friend at the home-stead.

Naturally we developed the usual forms of female tact; if Pat had a special date on hand, Molly and I would come into the living-room wearing wrappers or hair-curlers or cold cream, anything at all so as to look homely. If any one of us was out in the evening she had sense enough to phone before coming home, just in case. We took turns on cooking and marketing and the ironing-board and in the bed apartment. We slept in rotation, two in the big Double Murphy and one on the davenport.

To be continued

All characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.

## Fine Silver needs SILVO



Just watch your silverware come back into gleaming loveliness. Watch stain and tarnish vanish. SILVO—the safe liquid silver polish treats surfaces with loving care.



**DO YOU KNOW?**

**KING CROWNED with WHALE'S TEETH!**

**IN THE FIJI ISLANDS, THE FIRST CEREMONY AT THE CORONATION OF A KING IS TO HANG STRINGS OF 500 WHALE'S TEETH ROUND HIS ARM. THESE TEETH ARE STAINED WITH TURMERIC AND POLISHED WITH COCONUT OIL TILL THEY SHINE BRIGHT AND GOLDEN.**

**ROYAL TOOTHBRUSH 1770!**

**THOMAS BEDMORE DENTIST TO HIS MAJESTY IN 1770**

**RECOMMENDED A STRAIGHT TOOTHBRUSH WHICH HAS THE STIFF HAIR IN THE END, SOMEWHAT LIKE A PAINTER'S PENCIL—THIS, INSTEAD OF HURTING THE GUMS, GIVES A SALUTARY STIMULUS. EVEN TO-DAY'S MODERN TOOTHBRUSH CANNOT PENETRATE RIGHT BETWEEN THE CREVICES OF YOUR TEETH. KOLYNOS'S ACTIVE FOAM DOES THIS—CLEANS EACH TOOTH SURGICALLY, ANTISEPTICALLY.**

**Old Superstition—IF YOUR TEETH BE ONE ON THE OTHER YOU WILL ALWAYS LIVE WITH YOUR MOTHER!**

**BACTERIAL MOUTH—CAUSES DENTAL DECAY!**

**MODERN, STARCHY FOODS STAY WEDGED BETWEEN YOUR TEETH CAUSING "BACTERIAL MOUTH" AND DENTAL DECAY. KOLYNOS'S ACTIVE BUBBLES MILLIONS OF TINY ACTIVE BUBBLES WHICH FLOAT AWAY DENTAL DECAY GERMS—KEEP TEETH SURGICALLY CLEAN.**

**KOLYNOS DENTAL CREAM 1/3 and 2/3**

**KOLYNOS IS MORE ECONOMICAL TOO—LASTS TWICE AS LONG AS ORDINARY TOOTH PASTES. HALF AN INCH ON A DRY BRUSH IS PLenty.**

# HE who laughs LASTS



"I've just been reading about a machine which does the work of ten men. It almost has brains."  
"Not if it does all that work."

MOPSY—The Cheery Redhead



"Look what your darn dog's done to my pants!"  
"An' what were they like before?"



SHE: This cookery book is just full of mistakes.  
HE: I know—I've tasted 'em



"Miss Jones, you asked for ten minutes off to buy a hat and you've been gone two hours. That's waste of office time."  
"Well, put it down to overhead expenses."



HUSBAND: Did you see that the favorite was beaten yesterday?  
WIFE: I'm not interested in horse-racing.  
HUSBAND: You ought to be. I put your house-keeping money on it.

**NURSE says...** I ALWAYS ADVISE MY OWN BEAUTY CARE — REXONA. ITS MILD MEDICATIONS KEEP THE SKIN HEALTHY, AND SO — NATURALLY BEAUTIFUL

REXONA is completely different from ordinary soaps—its mild lather is medicated with Cadyl! This special compound of medications penetrates deeply—removes every particle of clogging dust and impurities from the pores, protects against unlovely skin faults. Make Rexona your regular beauty care!



Obstinate, long-standing skin troubles yield quickly to the wonderful curative treatment of Rexona Soap and Ointment used together.

**TREATMENT:** Wash frequently with Rexona Soap. At night smear a little Rexona Ointment on the affected parts. This rapid-healing treatment leaves the skin clear and radiant.

**REXONA**  
is more than a beauty soap,  
it's a  
**Complete Skin Treatment**

REXONA PROPRIETARY LIMITED

## BRAINWAVES

A prize of 2/6 is paid for each joke used.

PIANO-TUNER: Madam, I've come to tune your piano.  
Lady: But I didn't tell you to come!  
Piano-tuner: No; but your neighbors did.

"TOMMY, your mother tells me she gives you pennies to be good. Do you think that is right?"  
"Of course it is. You don't want me to grow up and be good for nothing, do you?"

"BUT why do you object to my engagement, Daddy? Is it because of my youth?"  
"Yes, I think he's impossible!"

"WHAT is the memento in your locket?"  
"A lock of my husband's hair."  
"But your husband isn't dead."  
"No, but his hair is all gone."

SUITOR: Which of Bernard Shaw's plays do you prefer?  
Girl (muzzling closer): "Arms and the Man."

"I JUST want him to learn the rudiments of walking," said the very rich mother as the maid piloted the baby across the room. "Of course, he'll always have plenty of cars."

"THEY say you married Jane because her aunt left her a fortune."  
"That's not so! I'd have married her no matter who left it to her."



New Canadian Cream Rub  
**FOR CHILDREN'S COLDS**  
Even the worst of children's colds, croupy bronchial colds, sore throats, yield like magic... often overnight... to a short brisk rub on throat and chest with Buckley's Wintrol RUB—the new Canadian cream rub. Made by the makers of Buckley's Canadiol Mixture.

**DOUBLE-QUICK RELIEF**  
A warm and glowing cream with unique "ther-mol" action that fights your child's cold three ways at once.

**IT'S A CREAM RUB**  
Buckley's Wintrol RUB is the better, different cream rub... that rubs in quicker, penetrates deeper, acts faster! Ask your chemist or store for Buckley's Wintrol RUB. Greaseless, stainless.

**Buckley's WINTROL RUB**

Clinton-Williams Pty. Ltd., Sydney.

# An Editorial

MAY 31, 1941.

## WOMEN IN WAR SERVICES



"THE vast and spectacular movement of women into war services has marked the beginning of a new era," Mr. Menzies told the women of England in a broadcast speech before he left Britain.

In the last war thousands of Englishwomen answered the call to fill jobs formerly held by men, and so well did they acquit themselves that the industrial status of women was permanently raised.

The right to vote, for which they had struggled so bitterly, was at last granted them.

The present war brings Australian women also into the industrial front line. They are responding with enthusiasm to all the demands made upon them.

In Australia as in England the only problem concerning women and the war has been that of finding work for all the willing feminine hands offered for service.

*The various emergency organisations have been overwhelmed with recruits, their ranks filled at the first call.*

Now all over Australia women are deserting the pleasanter jobs of peace to work in war factories. Some of their stories are told in this issue—more will be told later.

They are doing work that is sometimes monotonous, often exacting, and always important.

They realise that the Empire's greatest need is equipment. They understand fully the lessons of France and Greece that proved gallant men are sacrificed if their equipment is inadequate.

*They are willing to put aside the hard-won careers of happier days to ensure that their men go to the front with the weapons that alone can win decisive victory.*

—THE EDITOR.

# Letters from our Boys

**HIGHLIGHT** of this week's letters is the vivid account by a sergeant of life in the besieged garrison at Tobruk.

The Australian Women's Weekly invites readers to send in copies of or extracts from letters. A minimum payment of 5/- will be made for each extract published. Contributors should state if they wish their own names or the letter-writers' names to be published.

A sergeant of the garrison at Tobruk to his wife at Hornsby Heights, N.S.W.:

"AS you probably know by now, strategic withdrawals were the order of the day until we got back to our two little brooks (Tobruk)."

"Here we said 'No!' and, like Canute, dared them to come in."

"They dared, but each time have either gone back smartly or stayed with us. They are losing hundreds every day, also many tanks."

"Take last night for example. An N.C.O. and five men went for a look outside the wire and came back with one officer and 75 men."

"Just as they came through the wire a mob of more than 1000 dagoes came up. Our fellows thought they had come to take back the 75, and we mowed them down like flies and took over 500 prisoners."

"Quite a lot of Huns with them, and they've Hun tanks which we chop up like cheese."

"So we're not perturbed about things at all. We've plenty of food and at present are living like kings—did you mention 'bully'?" We've forgotten what it's like.

"Breakfast this morning was tinned fried sausages, a bread and milk concoction made of army biscuits soaked in water and heated with sugar and milk (we've plenty of milk), toast, margarine, and marmalade. Not too bad."

"Lunch to-day—we usually have a light lunch—was tinned pineapple and biscuits."

"For tea to-night we'll have a tin each of steak and vegetables en casserole, with a 2lb. tin of green peas between the two of us as an extra vegetable. To finish off we'll have a tin of plums, pears, black currants or pineapple with a tin of milk. How does it sound?"

"Had a thrilling air raid two or three days ago. Were dive-bombed and machine-gunned, but sustained little damage. About 40 planes came over and no more than 10 went back. One bloke jumped out and his chute didn't open. Too bad."

"We think we've got them beaten. We're getting hundreds every day, and our artillery is knocking vehicles over in dozens, and the R.A.F. is making it too hot for the planes. So, cheerio, darling."

Sergeant Col. Gray in the Middle East to a friend in Ipswich, Qld.:

"I AM feeling very homesick to-night, one of the main reasons being the surroundings."

"I have moved from the desert to a place where there are gumtrees (Australian, too, I believe), lovely green fields (just like our dear old Australia), and farm houses where farmers are living and going about their daily work as usual."

"How the trees and fields remind one of home after being out on that dirty, dry, dusty desert."

"One of the boys had a home newspaper sent to him, and it was nearly worn out when my turn came to read it. I think we read every line, including all advertisements."

## Winnie the War Winner



"Could I borrow your light, Sergeant? I've dropped a bobby pin."

Sergeant H. D. McLucas in the Middle East to friends at Eastwood, Sydney:

"I WITNESSED the greatest air battle I have ever seen the other day. The sky seemed to be absolutely covered with planes."

"Our airmen here are R.A.F. and R.A.A.F., and they operated together marvelously."

"Twenty-four planes were brought down, 18 of the enemy's and six of ours. Oh, what a fight!"

"The German pilots are just not in it with our boys."

"I watched one pair, diving and rising, rolling and turning, just like a pair of wrestlers."

"Suddenly they seemed to straighten out and there was Jerry in front, with the Hurricane sitting on his tail, 50 yards behind and slightly higher, so did the Hurricane, never losing an inch of his position, his guns going ceaselessly."

"Presently the Hurricane calmly turned away to seek another foe."

"We saw black smoke issuing from Jerry's exhaust. He quickly lost height, desperately tried to pancake a landing—then crashed and burst into flames."

Gunner R. L. Wragge in Malaya to a friend in Coloundra, Qld.:

"MY Dad has often sent me newspapers, which I am very glad to receive. Having finished with them I give them to a decent sort of Chinese to read. He likes to get them, and in return gives me books from his library. He stocks some great sea yarns and I enjoy them immensely."

An army officer in Darwin to his wife at Bellevue Hill, Sydney:

"IN a navy canteen here there is a pet Black Orpington rooster. He wandered in from somewhere nearby when a few weeks old, and was adopted by the two sailors in charge of the canteen."

"He was quickly taught to drink beer, and now, fully grown, will drink nothing else."

"His name is 'Seranbag,' meaning that he will eat practically anything. The seranbag in a warship is the container for all the odds and ends of clothing, equipment and personal property that is picked up and left for a month or so to be claimed. Naturally the collection is weird and wonderful."

"This canteen usually closes at 10 p.m. About nine on a busy night Seranbag can be found getting properly drunk in a corner from a cigarette tin of beer. He squats down and sips steadily, and in the end, thoroughly drunk, he leans against a post or the wall and rolls right over."

"Last night I was in there for a few minutes and we tried to trick him with a tin of water. The result was an indignant 'cluck' and he kicked the offensive tin off the counter with a 'spur'."

Corporal Fred Turner of the British Army to a friend at The Hermitage, via Warwick, Qld.:

"I WAS granted a week's leave, so collected the wife and boys, and went off to visit some friends living in the Midlands."

"While there we had an air-raid warning every night, but nothing happened till the last morning of our visit, when a raider dropped bombs."

"One fell in a field at the back of the house where we were staying. Owing to the softness of the ground the explosion was not as great as it might have been."

"However, the boys were delighted, and hurried out to gather pieces of shrapnel. Michael was returning with a piece about a foot long (a real prize), when, to his disgust and disappointment, a policeman arrived on a cycle."

"Jumping off, he took the prize piece of shrapnel from Michael, cuffed his ears, and packed him off home."

"Michael's opinion of that particular 'arm of the law' is best not put on paper."

Sergeant M. N. Gamlin in the Middle East to a friend, Kath Clarke, at Glenelg, S.A.:

"ON leave at Alexandria I had tea at the Y.M.C.A., where a Swiss woman is the hostess."

"What a charming woman she is, highly educated, speaks about eight languages, quite good-looking, and very charming."

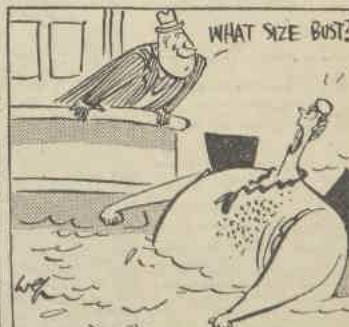
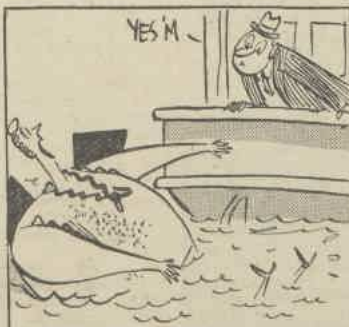
"I was so pleased to see a white woman, instead of the natives, that I went over and introduced myself, just for the sake of hearing her voice."

"She was most entertaining, and a good hostess."

"She is married, her husband is in England, and her children in Palestine at school."

"Actually she is working for the Australian Y.M.C.A., although she has never been to Australia."

## IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY . . . By WEP



# PRIVATE WILLIE gets his first taste of C.B.

"Surprising how the army broadens your mind," he says

Dear Mother,—I received your parcel quite safe it was very nice of you to send me a cake for my 21st birthday though I'd sooner have had the half-dollar, the candles had got a bit mixed up with the icing, but otherwise it was O.K.

We had a birthday party and I won ten bob at pontoon so it was my birthday all right.

WELL, as I was telling you, it turns out that the chap what invited us to supper is an engine-driver named Jackson and his boss is super-intendent of the line, quite a big bug in his way.

He takes us home and introduces us to his wife and daughter, not half a tasty bit of skirt, and we has a jolly good feed tripe and onions it was. After we had ate our fill Mr. Jackson says can either of you boys tickle the ivories, we got a small joanna in the parlor but Joan's only learning and Ma can only play "Home, Sweet Home."

Well, I says, I can vamp a few tunes pervided there's people sing-ing loud enough to drown my mis-takes. So I sets down at the joanna and we has a good old sing-song.

So after all it turns out to be a very nice evening and the more I see of Joan the more I like her. You must come again now you know the way, says Mrs. Jackson. So we fixed up to go there every time we gets leave.

Crums, says Sid as we was leav-ing, why didn't you tell me you could play the joanna. Well I can't really, I says modest like, but I can tinkle out a tune or two.

That's good enough, he says, from now on I'm your manager. What you mean, I asks. You'll soon see, he laughs.

Well, old dear, I thought you'd like to know I met some nice people but I don't know what Joan will say when I tell her I'm a dushman however for the time being I ain't nothing but a soldier and maybe that's a promotion when you come to think it over. Surprising how the army broadens your mind, ain't it.

Anyhow Sid's scheme come un-stuck which copped us seven days

C.B. This means confined to barrax which is punishment for a crime but you don't have to get the wind up your loving son ain't a criminal, not yet anyhow, because pretty nearly everything in the army is a crime.

For instance if an officer speaks to me and I answer him back too quick that might be a crime, but if I don't answer him because I am perhaps thinking up a good excuse that's a crime too, dumb insolence. Blime, they have you both ways.

What really happened was we had one or two over the eight which is not a crime by itself but we were unlucky because we had a fatigue to do that night before we went to bed.

After we finished parades, Sid says to me, how much money you got? I turns out my pockets and

finds two zacs and a trey. O.K. says Sid, hand it over that's our entrance fee. We goes into town and Sid pushes his way into a pub and orders two halves of mother-in-law. Never heard of it, says the barmaid. Oh cripes, says Sid, you don't know you're born here yet—old-and-bitter, old-and-bitter, oi!

He disappears for a few minutes, when he comes back he says, come on I've found the music room. So we goes into a little parlor where there was the oldest ruin of a joanna I ever seen, blime it was so much out of tune you could play blacks for whites and nobody would notice. I sets down and tinkles out a few tunes, presently one or two people filters in from the public bar and Sid gives em a start by singing the words, how he knew what the tune was supposed to be beats me.

You'd hardly believe it but in about five minutes the music room was crammed jambang full of people all singing like billyo and there was six pints of mother-in-law standing on top of the joanna for me, Course Sid being my manager he takes his cut about half, but we no sooner empties a glass each than two more is set up.

Anyhow, when they sings the bar-maid's song, time gentlemen please, I was just sliding out the door when the landlady stops me. Blime I thought he was going to warn me off, you could have knocked me down with a feather when he drops me half-a-dollar. Good bla, he says, singing don't half make em thirsty. Come again tomorrow night, better still come every night.

Anyhow, when they sings the bar-maid's song, time gentlemen please, I was just sliding out the door when the landlady stops me. Blime I thought he was going to warn me off, you could have knocked me down with a feather when he drops me half-a-dollar. Good bla, he says, singing don't half make em thirsty. Come again tomorrow night, better still come every night.

## Kicked the bucket

WE gets back to barrax, and soon as we passed the sentry I re-membered that we had been detailed for a fatigue. Come on Sid, I says, we got a job to do. Oh ah, he yawns, something about buckets, ain't it.

Off we goes to fetch the buckets, you'd have thought Sid had done enough singing for one night but no, he has to trot out Anny Lorry.

Aperiently our route went some-where near the officer's quarters, all of a sudden Flash Alf pops his head out of a door and says, who's that kicking up that infernal din. Course it was so dark he couldn't see who it was, we only knew him by his voice, and he durstn flash a torch, so we just drops the buckets and bolts.

Flash Alf starts after us, but is unlucky enough to run up against one of the buckets and aperiently he falls right into it—they are pretty big buckets as I expect you wouldn't know.

So having discovered the nature of the obstacle he thinks of a better



"YOU'D have thought Sid had done enough singing, but no, he has to trot out Anny Lorry."

idea than chasing us and digs out the orderly corporal to find out who is doing the bucket fatigue. They find us in bed and fast asleep. We swore we'd forgotten all about the fatigue and it must have been some-body else. Anyway, he pinched us. They don't seem to have no fine feelings in the army. What they put down on our crime-sheets was a shame. After all whatever they put on our crime-sheets stays there forever unless you happen to click a job in the orderly room, which is army for office, when the first job you do is to make out a new crime-sheet for yourself. Perhaps it won't make much difference to me, but you never know I might win the V.C. and what would H.M. say if he saw a crime-sheet like that.

When we comes up for trial it was old Flash Alf sitting on the bench

again, I don't care what anybody says it ain't justice, him being the bloke what copped us. I had half a mind to object but was afraid he might send us before the kernel who is a lord in private life.

Course me and Sid pleads not guilty just as though we had the lawyers, but it weren't any good especially as Sid had dropped his

cadi (that's army for nat) on the scene of the crime. So Flash Alf sentences us to seven days C.B. and warns us that we shall cop it hot if we come up before him again.

Well, it is now time to go on parade, hoping this finds you as it leaves me at present.

Your loving son, Willie

Another letter from Private Willie next week.

Dear Mother  
By  
DOUGLAS COMPTON-JAMES

## At 50, I'm still my husband's sweetheart!



## SOFT CURLS THAT STAY



Long-lasting, soft, adaptable curls... that really stay where you put them... are the exclusive achievement of Eugeneol sachets. See that your hair-dresser uses Eugeneol sachets.

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There's no curl like the Eugene curl.

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## Skin Sores? Cause Killed in 3 Days

The very first application of Nixoderm begins to clear away skin sores like magic. Use Nixoderm to-night, and you will soon see your skin becoming soft, smooth and clear. Nixoderm is a new discovery that kills germs and parasites on the skin that cause Skin Sores, Pimples, Boils, Red Blotches, Eczema, Ringworm, and Blisters. You can't get rid of your skin troubles until you remove the germs that hide in the tiny pores of your skin. So get Nixoderm from your Chemist—day under positive guarantee that Nixoderm will banish skin sores, clear your skin soft and smooth, or money back on return of empty package.

**Nixoderm NOW 2/1**  
For Skin Sores, Pimples and Itch.

A FEW YEARS AGO MY MARRIAGE NEARLY WENT ON THE ROCKS. NIGHT AFTER NIGHT, JOHN DIDN'T COME HOME FOR DINNER.



I HASTILY ACCUSED HIM OF OTHER WOMEN AND THAT CAUSED MORE AND MORE ARGUMENTS.



IT WAS MY BEST FRIEND SHEILA WHO HINTED AT B.O. I WAS TERRIBLY ANNOYED BUT IT MADE ME THINK...



FROM THEN ON, I TOOK NO RISKS... ALWAYS LIFEBOUY FOR ME IN MY DAILY BATH.



IT WAS OUR WEDDING ANNIVERSARY LAST WEEK... JOHN BOUGHT PEARLS FOR HIS 50-YEAR-OLD 'BEST GIRL'.



Only one way to steer clear of "B.O."

Don't make the mistake of thinking that just any soap can stop "B.O."! Lifebuoy is the one and only soap specially made to neutralise the elements that cause offence. And there's sheer delight in a Lifebuoy bath or shower. Try it—you get a generous-sized cake for your money.

**LIFEBOUY** its clean fragrance vanishes... its protection remains

A LEVER PRODUCT

L598/17.

# The Suitors of Sue

Continued from page 6

ON top of the heap lay an invitation that had gone unanswered for a week. The Armstrongs were having a treasure hunt at their place in Hampshire in aid of the Red Cross. Michael picked up the invitation, his hand clammy with excitement, and read it carefully, noting the date: next Saturday.

He rose and went resolutely to the wardrobe. Grimly he pushed aside a hooded raincoat suitable for wear in the rainy season, a tough jacket excellent for forced marches through heavy undergrowth. He found the neglected dinner jacket and looked it over. Then he sat down at his desk and answered the invitation. Michael, by nature as guileless as a lamb, was going to play the fox . . .

Four nights later he sat beside Joseph Armstrong's daughter, Sue Armstrong, unwitting instrument of the fox's strategy, was a tiny, serene girl, with a dainty face, soft hair in curls all over her head, and tranquil eyes that were turned upon him now in a queer, dispassionate scrutiny.

"So far so good," thought Michael. His plan was to be seen with her as often and as conspicuously as possible. He hadn't suspected it would be so easy, for Sue Armstrong was one of those surrounded girls. Yet here she was with him in the conservatory, and her father had seen them go.

He felt pleasantly wicked, a master of duplicity, but the sensation was somewhat modified by the fact that he was finding it a little difficult to think of things to say. Michael was rusty in the amenities.

"It's a wonderful night, isn't it?" he said.

"Yes," she said, still studying him gravely. "I like the autumn."

Silence fell heavily. Michael hunted for a topic. He finally fished one out of the Armstrong goldfish tank, which was just behind them. "Do you do much swimming?" he asked.

"I don't break the ice," she answered. "You must come out in the summer and swim with us." She hadn't taken her eyes from his.

"They swim all the year round in the rivers of Burma," he began, the mental habits of years asserting themselves. "They've rigged nets to keep off the crocodiles, and . . ."

Even as he launched enthusiastically into a description of the charms of the swamps of Burma, he realised he had missed an opportunity. He should have snapped up the vague invitation, should have made it specific.

"Most people want to go to America these days," he went on,

"but I'll trade you all the glamor of New York, Miami, or Long Island for one glimpse of the forests of Burma."

"Isn't the weather awful?" she asked.

Michael warmed up to his subject. "It's tropical, of course. Sometimes it rains for weeks and the whole place steams."

"It sounds very peculiar."

"It is, sort of," he said. "Why don't you have dinner in town with me to-morrow?" He congratulated himself silently on his cunning. "I'll show you some pictures."

"Etchings?" she asked mischievously.

"A few," he replied innocently. "It isn't an art collection, you know. Just pictures of places. Mostly photographs."

She looked at him in quiet wonder. "You're a funny boy," she said.

Michael swallowed. "Am I?" he croaked.

She nodded. "This is the first time I ever saw your reserve break down. You actually look alive when you talk of Burma. Most of the time you seem to take no part in what goes on around you. It's disconcerting."

"Disconcerting?" he asked.

Sue looked at him, smiling faintly. He was good to look at and had, in addition, that rare quality of masculine sweetness which some men have when gentle goodness and physical strength are combined in them.

"Yes," she said slowly. "You could disconcert a wooden Indian."

"There are Indians in Burma," he began, but he caught her smile. "I suppose I sound silly," he said.

"Not a bit," she said. "Not a bit, really."

"It's not that I am nuts about Indians," he broke out, "or that I want to expose myself to malaria for its own dear sake. It's not that I want to get away from it all."

"It's just that you like warm weather."

"I thrive on it, yes," he answered, laughing with her, "but it isn't only that. It's that the canvas is so big and clean, and there's such scope in those great unused forests. They seem to me worth knowing, worth saving for human purposes."

"There's something of the missionary in you, Michael."

"I don't know," he said. "I think that most men at some time or other, particularly when they're young, want to get up and go."

"A new world," she murmured, "to mould nearer the heart's desire."

He fell silent. She turned round

on the bench and sat watching the tank that lay flat and motionless under the lights.

"You're awfully sweet," he said. "It's nice of you to let me get maudlin this way, and not laugh at me."

His glance followed hers to the placid surface of the water.

"How about dinner to-morrow night?" he asked.

"All right," she said, "and, if you haven't any other engagements for next week-end, would you care to spend it here? The Cordwells are coming, too."

The week-end was gay. They rode through the polite woods of Hampshire and along the banks of orderly little streams. In the evening they sat by the fire, and he showed her places on the map and took her on imaginary tours along wild rivers.

She had a quick intelligence; he felt for the first time the comfort of sharing an enthusiasm. There were other week-ends after that and meetings in town. She baited him now and then, saying that he wore the equator like a flet around his brow and that, although it was becoming, it had affected the brain. She made a great show of offering him amenable Hampshire as a substitute.

ONE evening as they sat by the fire, charting a journey into the jungle, she suddenly pushed the maps aside and said: "Pooh. I don't know why I bother. It isn't a fit country for a woman."

"Why not?" he argued. "If she's healthy and has brains and grit?"

"Well," she said dubiously, "I do have my health."

"You look pretty frail, but I suppose you aren't," he said. He picked up her hand and encircled the wrist with his fingers. "You have the finest bones. It always amazes me that anything so small can be so complete. So efficient, you know, with a heart and lungs, and a good brain, all working properly, ticking away." He looked down at her hand, moving the slender fingers separately.

For long he had been marvelling at all the little things she did: the smooth grace with which she cut flowers; the way she picked up a telephone and listened, with her eyes smiling over at him. He had begun to notice the way her skirt moved when she walked, the subtle contours of her cheeks, the crispness of a ruffle against her throat.

She went to the window, turning off the lamp, to look at the night sky. Michael followed, his heart thumping at the nearness of her sitting there on the window-sill. He was glad she was looking away from him into the night. He could not have borne at that moment her gentle, perceptive eyes. She had a way of guessing your mind, of knowing what you were thinking or feeling.

She turned questioningly towards him at the sound of a plane, his face was brought close to hers. The flower-scent assailed him, and his head swam. His mouth went involuntarily down to hers.

She saw the confusion and bewilderment on his face when he drew away, and she laughed, putting a hand to his cheek. He wrapped his arms around her, drawing her up to him, and kissed her again. Michael the Fox was in love.

His heart was thudding spectacularly as she pushed him away. He tried to take her in his arms again, but she threw him a rueful glance of warning, nodding towards the door, and dropped from the window-sill into the garden. Michael turned round.

Joseph Armstrong stood in the doorway. "Primum!" he said, and was gone before Michael could say anything.

She broke into laughter, but Michael, realising the potential payoff, was not amused.

Well, there it was. He had succeeded. His manoeuvre had come to its premeditated end. Sue slipped back into the room, closing the window and curtains. "What are you laughing at?" he whispered. He looked up at her, shaking his head desperately from side to side. "Don't you see?" he asked. "That's my ticket to Burma! Don't you remember Abercrombie?"

She gazed at him blankly for a moment, her laughter gone, then clapped a hand over her mouth. "And Jim Blakes and Terence Oatley! I see!"

"It's such a mess," he cried. "I

wanted to go to Burma. And I thought I knew how to get there!" Haltingly, and not too clearly, he confessed all.

She watched him carefully with round eyes. When he finished she went and stood before him. "If you swear you'd rather stay here," she said, "I'll forgive you."

"I swear I'd rather stay!" he answered.

There was nothing of the wooden Indian about Michael as he locked his arms around her waist.

She freed herself at last. "That's better," she said sedately. "And what I had to tell you is that your plot wouldn't have worked, anyway. Father won't send you to Burma. He approves of you. You're the first one I ever heard him say a good word about. He's determined to keep you in the London office. So that's that." She drew close to him again.

The next morning at the office Michael found it hard to keep his mind on estimates and reports. His eyes kept turning towards the grey wall of the office building down the street. It had changed, somehow. Behind the windows people moved, each with his private dream and his special heartache, yet all busily putting away at the world's work, performing appointed tasks. People were grand, even the difficult ones, even the dumb and silly ones, even the badgered ones. He loved them all. The poet was wrong when he wrote about "the grey trolls fighting the grey trolls," and all that.

Of course, Burma was very far away. It was plain enough that Joseph Armstrong did approve of him; Michael suspected that it was not only as a servant of the firm but also as a possible son-in-law. Forgotten incidents returned to mind: Armstrong's sly grin whenever he found Sue and Michael together, his jocular hints to the effect that Michael would some day be running the company. The purplish hue of his complexion as he stood in the doorway last night had been nothing more than embarrassment at an untimely intrusion.

Burma wasn't merely far away. It was out of sight. He was tied to an office for the rest of his days. Michael returned resolutely to work, pulling a heap of mail towards him and ringing for a typist. These thoughts would have to wait until after business hours. Burma didn't matter so much anyway, for he was sunk in love with Sue. And you had to be willing to give up one thing to get another; the man did not exist who had never sacrificed a dream.

The typist came in, and he started on the mail. There was a blue slip on top. It was signed with Armstrong's initials, and it said: "That half-wit Abercrombie has quit. How soon can you be ready to leave for Burma?"

Michael sat back after a while. He knew he was pale, because his cheeks felt cold and the typist was staring. Old Man Armstrong hadn't liked what he had seen last night, after all. He had tied a can to Michael's tail and sent him clattering down the street. The plot had worked far too neatly, far too well.

Michael didn't stop to think of the irony of the situation, or of the artistry with which the gods sometimes build their symmetrical little patterns, or of anything else. He rose and stamped into Joseph Armstrong's office, blue slip in hand.

He had expected to find an old hellows full of angry wind. But Armstrong looked up from his desk with a grave, even glance so like Sue's that Michael's heart turned over. "Yes?"

Michael laid the blue slip on the desk under Armstrong's nose. "I'm sorry you find it necessary to do this," he said.

The old man glanced at it mildly and then up again. "Do what?" he asked blandly.

"Not long ago it would have been just what I wanted," Michael continued with admirable control. "But now it's exactly what I think you intend it to be—a somewhat painful separation. I want to point out that you cannot go on sending men away in this fashion. The time will come when one of them will marry her anyway, and I'm that one."

Armstrong's voice grew plaintive: "What in the name of heaven are you talking about?"

"Burma," said Michael. "I prefer not to go."

The leathery face of the chairman of the Armstrong Rubber Company took on a puzzled frown. "Which of us is crazy?" he asked.

IGNORING the interruption, Michael rushed on: "In fact, I refuse to go, and if necessary I'll quit my job."

"But it's the one thing in the world you want! I've always known that."

"I'm sorry, sir. It isn't so." Armstrong leaned forward. He seemed about to cry. "Look, Michael," he pleaded. "I'm an old man. I'm getting a little slow, but I do my best. I try to keep track of things that go on in rubber. I try to understand the younger generation. And in my fumbling way I try to be fair. But I have troubles, and my digestion is bad, and my temper is awful. So will you, out of the goodness of your heart, do me a favor and"—his quavering voice suddenly lost its aged creak and rose to a robust, virulent shout—"and remove the drooling, dithering, martyred expression from that mug of yours and tell me in simple terms what in the name of the prophets you actually want!"

Michael drew a deep breath. "Sue," Armstrong ran a hand desperately over the bald crown of his head. "What's that got to do with Burma?"

The door opened. It was Sue, carrying a hatbox.

"Look!" she cried. She set the box on the desk. Ceremoniously she untied the string and removed the cover; she pulled off the hat she was wearing and reached into the box.

"What the well-dressed woman will wear in the jungle!" she cried, drawing forth a plith helmet and setting it on her head. The effect was delicious. She revolved slowly, speaking as she turned: "Father, did you do what I told you?"

"I did," he sounded like an obedient child. "But he doesn't want to go."

"I'll persuade him," said Sue. She turned to Michael: "We needn't stay longer than a year or so. We'll have to come back, anyway, because father says he's going to need you in the office here. But we can always go back if we find we like it, and—"

"But, Sue darling, you can't come with me. The boat might be sunk—"

Sue looked at him gravely. "I can't stay here without you."

"But, sir—," Michael appealed to Joseph Armstrong. The old man shook his head.

"I said all you're going to say to Sue last night. She won't listen to reason, Michael. Never does."

"Never do," repeated Sue firmly. Michael pulled her towards him. As her head tipped back, the plith helmet rolled to the floor.

"You're supposed to fasten the strap," said Joseph Armstrong.

(Copyright)

## 'FLU'S SABOTAGE



'Flu has already struck in many factories engaged in war work. Reports are coming in that 'flu germs are keeping many valuable workers away from their jobs. To-day more than ever before, we must keep 'flu at bay. Guard against 'flu and cold germs! Build up your resistance! The best way to do this is to drink a steaming hot cup of Bonox every day. Bonox pours glorious new strength straight into your bloodstream. Cafes, hotels and milk bars are serving Bonox now. Keep some Bonox at home too. Get a bottle of Bonox—mix a steaming hot cup before bed to-night.

## DON'T NEGLECT

A Common Case of Piles. It may Lead to Serious Results.

When people, generally, understand that all such fatal diseases as Fistula, Ulcer of the Rectum, Fissure, etc., almost invariably begin in a simple case of Piles, they will learn the wisdom of taking prompt treatment for the first appearance of this trouble. DOAN'S OINTMENT is unequalled for every form of Piles—Bleeding, Itching, Protruding, and Blind Piles, and hundreds of lives have been saved by using this cheap but effective remedy right from the start, because at such times a single tin has often effected a cure, while in the old deep-seated, chronic cases, several tins are sometimes necessary.

DOAN'S OINTMENT is healing, antiseptic and soothing. That is why it is equally successful in overcoming Eczema and other skin complaints. But be sure you get DOAN'S.

## HOUSEWORK HANDS?

Quick! use HINDS Honey & Almond CREAM

Makes skin instantly soft, smooth, creamy.

1/1 and 2/2 (Economy Size)

## FREE OFFER!

To put sunshine in your hair send this ad, with your name, address and color of your hair, to Box 100-00, G.P.O., Sydney, and 3d. pkt. Camellione Tinture will be sent free.

WW11-5-41

# BIG BILL O'REILLY



## GETS RIGHT ON THE SPOT

Test bowler Bill O'Reilly says getting on to the spot wasn't easy... till he tuned in his Philips Radioplayer. "Philips Legline Dial and Escalator Short Wave Tuning get on the spot every time" says "Big Bill", finding the most distant overseas stations is easy! Overseas news is packed with interest! There are hundreds of stations on the air you can always find and relocate with Philips Escalator Short-wave Tuning! See how this feature, and many others on the new Radioplayer, increase the pleasure of listening! Arrange a demonstration in your own home, with your nearest Philips Radioplayer dealer.

**PHILIPS**  
RADIO  
"It Beats the Band"

PHILIPS RADIOPLAYERS, LAMPS AND VALVES ARE MADE BY AUSTRALIANS FOR AUSTRALIAN HOMES.

\* Listen to Jack Davy's new show, "It Beats the Band," every Sunday night at 7.15 through 3GB, 3AW, 4BH, 7HO, 7LA, and leading Country Stations; at 7.29 through 3DN and 8.45 through 6PR and 8PM.

## Girls!

NOW is the time to prepare for a BETTER POSITION by improving your typing speed. YOU CAN DO IT QUICKLY AND EASILY WITH THE NEW HOME MODEL.

**REMINGTON**  
Portable



**CHARTRES LTD.**

Box 5238, G.P.O., Sydney.  
Will tell you about it on receipt of this ad, with your name and address.

Now You Can Wear  
**FALSE TEETH**  
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FASTETH, a new, pleasant powder, keeps teeth firmly set. Deodorizes. No gummy, gooey, pasty taste or feeling. To eat and laugh in comfort just sprinkle a little FASTETH on your plates. Get it to-day at any chemist. (2 sizes.) Refuse substitutes.  
Clinton-Williams Pty. Ltd., Sydney.

# Women also Serve

## Social events for good causes

MAY 28.—Festival Day at University in aid of Lord Mayor's Fund.

May 30.—Dance, arranged by Children's Hospital Nurses, for Comforts Fund, Farmer's Oak Hall.

May 30.—2nd Garrison Battalion Ball, Trocadero.

May 30.—Cocktail party in aid of British Bomb Victims, arranged by Goldberg Advertising Agency. Carl Thomas, 6 p.m.

May 30.—A.B.C. Annual Staff Ball, for War Funds, Wentworth.

May 31.—Washington H. Soul, Pattinson's Ball, Grace Auditorium.

## Makes brooches and clips for war work fund

FROM little scraps of material, tiny colored beads, and left-over bits of colored felt, Miss Enid Hands, of Ashfield, is making charming clips and brooches.

Already she has been able to send more than £5 to the fund for British bomb victims.

"I saw a picture in an overseas book about two years ago," said Miss Hands. "I remembered it recently and thought that I could make brooches similar to it."

Miss Hands covers a small round or oval wooden mould, then sews on to it little rounds of felt centred with a glass bead. When completed the brooch looks like a ray flower.

## Work overtime to help British bomb victims

THE weekly call for volunteers to stay on and work for British bomb victims is always answered at the Lustre factory in Sydney.

Girls who have been working at machines all day willingly offer to stay at least once a week, for several hours, to help to prepare frocks and underwear for the British children.

Head of the Lustre war workers is Mrs. A. Beal, and under her direction the girls, who have been working since September, 1939, have prepared 4678 garments for the Royal Empire Society and 1145 for the British Children's Comforts Fund.

In addition, by voluntary contributions each week, the employees have donated one army ambulance to the Eastern Command and have enough money in hand to buy another.

There is no special committee, but Miss Violet Johnson does all the checking and assists with the packing of the big cases.

Miss O. Bralley is in charge of the knitting, Miss E. Flynn the machining, and Miss L. Rose the finishing.



MRS. A. BEAL, head of the enthusiastic war workers at the Lustre factory.



MRS. W. F. HUETON (left) steadies one packing case while Mrs. Victor Watkins packs, and Mrs. H. McPherson fills another case.

## Collected complete library for A.I.F. in Malaya

No useless books among 1500

NEATLY covered in the one color, and carefully labelled, a complete library of 1500 books is ready for despatch to the A.I.F. in Malaya through the Camp Library Service in co-operation with the Lord Mayor's Fund.

"It is a gift from the Canterbury Municipal Patriotic and War Fund and the business people of Lakemba," said one of the supervisors, Mrs. Victor Watkins.

"We read several articles in The Australian Women's Weekly about the loneliness of our boys, and we thought that a good library might help them, so collected money to purchase one."

"We are grateful to Mr. McGrail, of the Public Library, who helped us sort and pack the books, so that we are certain we are sending the type of literature which the men will like best."

"Up to a recent date the Library Service has distributed 81,967 books and 98,210 magazines to the three services."

"Of these by far the greatest proportion has been sent to the A.I.F. overseas and at Darwin, the R.A.A.F. overseas, and to all naval units."

"There is a constant demand from

all three services for supplies of reading material, and large numbers of both books and magazines are needed to provide recreational reading, especially for the A.I.F. overseas."

"The lifetime of a book on active service conditions is limited, and so long as the war lasts there will be a continual need for further supplies."

"People who are willing to help are warned against sending books of an unsuitable type."

"We have been told that they still forward children's books, cookery books, and school stories, which only mean so much more wasted time for the workers who sort and send them away," said Mrs. Watkins.

For The Blood, Veins, Arteries And Heart

**Elasto**  
The Wonder Tablet

Take It!  
and Stop Limping

DON'T let Leg Troubles cripple you. Take 'Elasto', the Great New Biomedical Remedy that acts through the blood, and have done with enforced rest, worry, suffering and expense.

Leg aches and pains soon vanish when 'Elasto' is taken. Painful swollen (varicose) veins are restored to a healthy condition, skin troubles clear up, leg wounds become clean and healthy and quickly heal, the heart becomes strong, the arteries supple, piles disappear, rheumatism simply fades away, and the whole system is braced and strengthened. This is not magic, although the relief does seem magical; it is the natural result of revitalised blood and improved circulation brought about by 'Elasto', the tiny tablet with wonderful healing powers.

## What Is 'Elasto'?

This question is fully answered in an interesting booklet, which explains in simple language this amazing new method of revitalising the blood. Your copy is free—see Order below. Sufficient to say here that 'Elasto' is not a drug but a vital cell-food. It restores to the blood the vital elements which combine with the blood albumin to form organic elastic tissue and thus enables Nature to restore elasticity to the broken-down and devitalised fabric of veins, arteries and heart, and so to re-establish normal, healthy circulation, without which there can be no true healing. NINE TIMES OUT OF TEN THE REAL TROUBLE IS BAD CIRCULATION.

## Send for FREE Booklet

Simply send your name and address to 'ELASTO', Box 1552, Sydney, for your FREE copy of the interesting 'Elasto' booklet. Or better still, get a supply of 'Elasto' (with booklet enclosed) from your chemist to-day and see for yourself what a wonderful difference 'Elasto' makes. Obtainable from chemists and stores everywhere. Price 7/6, one month's supply. (A.349).

DON'T LET  
GREY HAIR  
AGE YOU!

Why sacrifice youth to grey hair? You can recolor your hair with INECTO RAPID, just as nature does, from inside the hair shaft. It will not fade, wash off, or soil pillows. Absolutely permanent and cannot be detected. Consult your hairdresser or buy from your chemist. Full instructions with each package. Eighteen natural colours to choose from.

**INECTO**  
Rapid  
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# Septic Germs Lurk Everywhere

The Least Scratch will let them in!

But no germ can get into a scratch when you apply Cuticura Ointment. No germ can live in contact with Cuticura. It gives you the protection of soothing, medicinal and antiseptic properties which have made Cuticura Ointment world-famed for its unfailing success in relieving itching, smarting and inflammation, and in clearing the skin of stubborn, disfiguring eruptions.

## A touch of Cuticura Keeps Germs Out!

Cuticura Ointment is equally successful when used for Pimples, Boils, Heat Blotches, Inflamed Rashes and Chronic Itching Eruptions. It quickly stops Itching and Smarting Pain and soon Clears the Skin.

NOTE—Skin sufferers should use only Cuticura Soap in the bath and for washing. It has wonderful soothing and emollient properties which are highly beneficial to the skin and complexion.

Buy a tin today and be prepared



SOOTHES AND CLEARS THE SKIN



## "BREAK IT DOWN!"

No Breakfast food can relieve constipation!"

Harsh purges appear to relieve constipation—actually they aggravate your condition.

HERE'S WHY. The food not absorbed into the system passes into the large intestine to be expelled by muscular action. If this residue is not bulky enough, the muscles can't get hold of it. You get constipated.

Now, the action of harsh purges has nothing in common with the natural action of "bulk". In fact, harsh purges come as a shock to delicate internal muscles hampering them into action. This brings temporary relief. If purging is continued the delicate internal muscles are seriously weakened—the penalty for the constant use of harsh cathartics.

### Kellogg's All-bran Safely Ends Constipation.

HERE'S WHY. Kellogg's All-Bran gives the bowels the natural "bulk" they need and so brings about a normal, natural movement. It works in the same way as the uncooked vegetables and fruit with which Nature intended to keep us naturally regular and which very few of us ever eat. However, the "bulk" in Kellogg's All-Bran is more sure, more thorough. If your system already is in a bad way, it will massage those delicate internal muscles back to normal regularity.

Kellogg's All-Bran is a crisp, not sweet breakfast cereal. It's all ready to serve just with milk and sugar. Start your breakfast with Kellogg's All-Bran and you will be safely regular in a week.

## ONE WEEK LATER!

"I take back all I said. Kellogg's All-Bran has brought relief in a way I never thought possible."



## Pile Sufferers

You can only get quick, safe and lasting relief by removing the cause—congestion of blood in the lower bowel. Nothing but an internal remedy can do this—that's why cutting and salves fail. Dr. Leonhardt's Vaculoid, a harmless tablet, in guaranteed to quickly and safely banish any form of pile misery or money back. Chemists everywhere sell it with this guarantee.

Clinton-Williams Pty. Ltd., Sydney.

# Asthma Mucus Dissolved in 1 Day

Since the discovery of Mendaco by a famous physician it is no longer necessary for anyone to suffer from choking, wheezing, gasping Asthma. Mendaco does away with expensive injections and offensive smokes. All you do is to take 5 tasteful tablets with quinine and Mendaco starts dissolving the mucus in 10 minutes. Soon the choking mucus and phlegm disappear. You breathe easily and freely. Your nerves relax, you get good, fresh, pure air into your lungs, and vigour returns.

### Sleep Like a Baby

Thousands of former sufferers from Asthma say that the very first dose of Mendaco brought them glorious ease and comfort, and that they slept soundly the very first night. Then their vigour returned and they felt healthier and stronger, and 5 to 10 years younger. The reason for this is that Mendaco acts in natural ways to overcome the effects of Asthma. (1) It dissolves, liquefies and removes the strangling mucus or phlegm; (2) It releases thousands of tiny mucus in your bronchial tubes so that the air can get in and out of your lungs; (3) It promotes body vigour, and stimulates the building of rich, revitalised blood.

### No Asthma for Five Years

Mendaco not only brings almost immediate results, free breathing and comfort and enables you to sleep, but also builds up the system to ward off future attacks. Mr. J. H.

## ★★ ROAD TO ZANZIBAR

(Week's Best Release.)

Bing Crosby, Bob Hope, Dorothy Lamour. (Paramount.)

PARAMOUNT again teams Crosby, Hope, and Lamour in a worthy successor to "Road to Singapore."

Although lacking a little of the spontaneity of its predecessor, this film has plenty of hilarious situations and a peppering of classic wisecracks to carry it through.

The musical numbers are rather below par for a Crosby film, but one of Lamour's numbers, "You're Dangerous," is a catchy tune.

The story is light and inconsequential but gives ample scope for fooling. Crosby is the creator of freak sideshow acts for the long-suffering Hope to perform. The pair are stranded in South Africa.

They meet up with a couple of attractive gold-diggers (Dorothy Lamour and Una Merkel) who are pursuing a millionaire hunter. They team up, and the quartet start off on a strange safari through the jungle.

Comedy episodes are sparkling, with Bing Crosby vying for honours with the inimitable Bob Hope. At times the fooling is inclined to drag a bit, but on the whole it's a joyous entertainment. — Prince Edward; showing.

## ★★ THAT CERTAIN SOMETHING

Megan Edwards, Howard Craven. (RKO.)

ARGOSY films, responsible for the outdoor adventure, "Power and the Glory," give you in "That Certain Something" enjoyable indoor farce.

Plot centres on the making of a motion picture in Australia by a visiting American film director, and the efforts of the heroine (Megan Edwards), backed by the hero (Howard Craven), to get the star role in his production.

There is nothing particularly Australian about it except the players. Action takes place entirely indoors between a movie set and an hotel.

With its conventional situations and characters, the story is typically Hollywood, but it is executed in a sprightly manner.

There are plenty of original laugh lines, and some effective slap-

# PRIVATE VIEWS

By The Australian Women's Weekly Film Reviewer

stick from Georgie Sterling as the helpful script girl.

You'll like Howard Craven, pleasing as the artist hero. Star Megan Edwards is far too sweet and girlish. Thelma Grigg, as the neurotic, unbalanced society girl, plays with an over-emphasis that comes dangerously near the comic.

"That Certain Something" is an amusing, generally entertaining film judged by any standard, and one of the best local films to date. — Mayfair; showing.

## ★ KIT CARSON

Jon Hall, Lynn Bari. (United Artists.)

AN adventure story of the early West, this film has as its hero Kit Carson, Indian scout, wagon-train guide, and soldier.

Based on history, the film centres on two outstanding incidents in the career of Carson: the first, transcontinental crossing of U.S. cavalry, commanded by John C. Fremont



NEW STUDY of the lovely Virginia Bruce, whose latest film is "The Invisible Woman." Next film is "Three Girls on Broadway."

(Dana Andrews) and guided by Carson (Jon Hall); and the battle in California between the Americans and the Spanish forces when the Californian republic was founded.

These two incidents are exciting and spectacularly staged, and the scenery is magnificent. The characters, however, are faintly boring — although I like good-looking Jon Hall better in cowboy rig than in a sarong. — Plaza; showing.

## ★ BEFORE I HANG

Boris Karloff, Evelyn Keyes. (Columbia.)

HERE are more chills by Boris Karloff, with the horror-man once again cast as the scientific genius.

Karloff starts off as a mild, kindly doctor, but later on is transformed into a human fiend.

Condemned to die for mercy killing, Karloff in the death cell works feverishly to perfect a serum which extends life indefinitely.

Unfortunately he uses the "life cells" of a recently-hanged killer for his serum, then gets the prison doctor to inoculate him.

The story has rather an unusual twist but peters out after the first half-hour. Karloff (more terrifying than ever) completely dominates the film. Evelyn Keyes as the tearful daughter is irritating. — Capitol; showing.

## ★ SHADOWS ON THE STAIRS

Paul Cavanaugh, Frieda Inescort. (Warners.)

THIS mystery-thriller concerns a gang of ruthless international criminals who use a London boarding-house as their hide-out.

Stella Armitage (Frieda Inescort) and her husband (Miles Mander) run this boarding-house. Alarmed by mysterious goings-on, the couple, assisted by lodger Paul Cavanaugh, start investigations.

A murder takes place and Scot-

# Here's hot news from all the studios!

From JOHN B. DAVIES in New York and Barbara Bouchier in Hollywood

THE amusing "The Flying Yorkshire Man," long promised as screen fare, is ready for production by Frank Capra, who made "Mr. Deeds Goes to Town" and "Meet John Doe." Charlie Chaplin is reported considering the leading part of a Yorkshire man who suddenly discovers he can fly like a bird.

LANA TURNER was the cynosure of all eyes at a popular cafe when she turned up in an unusual hat. When the lights were dimmed for the floor show, Miss Turner's hat shone like a beacon. She had covered it with fluorescent material which glittered like a Christmas tree.

GINGER ROGERS has three leading men for "Tom, Dick, and Harry." They are: Burgess Meredith, George Murphy, and Alan Marshal, Australian actor.

JANE WITHERS has announced her plans to attend the University for eighteen months. Shooting up surprisingly in the last year Jane is no longer a child, but a very pretty young lady. When you see her in "First Beau" you will meet a slender, dark-haired sixteen-year-old who has lost her tomboyish mannerisms, but none of her sparkle.

CAROLE LANDIS and Franchot Tone don't see each other any more. Carole is finding Conrad Nagel interesting, while Franchot is occupying himself with Frances Neal. Frances is wearing a ring he gave her.

MICKEY ROONEY, ardently wooing Linda Darnell, drives her mother on shopping sprees, to the studios, and to Texas. "Hollywood's most glamorous chauffeur," his pals call him.

MARY ASTOR'S admirers will be pleased to see her in her third film comeback, "The Great Lie." Playing leading parts in the silent days, Mary left with the advent of the talkies. She has come out of retirement twice since then, but gets her best opportunity to date in this Bette Davis starrer which has just been completed.

## Our Film Gradings

★★★ Excellent  
★★ Above average  
★ Average  
No stars — below average.

land Yard steps in—only to find that just about everybody in the house has a motive for the crime.

Mystery and murder are the elements that go to make up this Warners' thriller, and when the killer is finally brought to justice his identity will surprise you.—Haymarket-Civic; showing.

## Shows Still Running

★★★ Philadelphia Story. Katharine Hepburn, Cary Grant, James Stewart in delightful modern comedy. —Liberty; 7th week.

★★★ Kitty Foyle. Ginger Rogers, Dennis Morgan in appealing adaptation of Christopher Morley's best seller.—Regent; 3rd week.

★★★ Strike Up the Band. Judy Garland, Mickey Rooney in delightful college musical.—St. James; 2nd week.

★★ Nice Girl? Deanna Durbin, Franchot Tone in delightful comedy musical.—State; 3rd week.

★★ Sailors Three. Tommy Trinder, Claude Hulbert in lighthearted English farce.—Lyceum; 2nd week.

## To Relieve Catarrh Catarrhal Deafness and Head Noises

Persons suffering from catarrhal deafness, or who are growing hard of hearing and have head noises will be glad to know that this distressing affliction can now be successfully treated at home by an internal medicine that in every instance has effected complete relief after other treatments have failed. Sufferers who could scarcely hear have had their hearing restored to such an extent that the tick of a watch was plainly audible seven or eight inches away from either ear. Therefore, if you know of someone who is troubled with head noises or catarrhal deafness, put out this formula and hand it to them and you may have been the means of saving some poor sufferer perhaps from total deafness. The prescription can be prepared at home and is made as follows:—

Secure from your chemist 1 ounce Parment (double-strength). Take this home and add to it a pint of hot water and a little sugar; stir until dissolved. Take a desertspoonful four times a day.

Parment is used in this way not only to reduce by tonic action the inflammation and swelling in the Eustachian Tubes, and thus to equalize the air pressure on the drum, but to correct any excess of secretions in the middle ear, and the results it gives are quick and effective.

Every person who has catarrh in any form, or distressing rumbling, hissing sounds in their ears, should give this recipe a trial.

Clinton-Williams Pty. Ltd., Sydney.

## PAIN you can't "explain"

Blessed New Relief for Girls who Suffer Every Month.

WHEN pain, headache and muscular cramps are so bad that you can hardly drag your legs along . . . and you feel that all you want to do is sit down and cry . . . why don't you try a couple of Myzone tablets with water or a cup of tea.

They bring complete, immediate, safe relief from period pain, backache and sick feeling—without the slightest "doping." Nurses who used to suffer the most exhausting, dragging pain every month —and business girls who dreaded making mistakes because of "foggy" mind—say Myzone relief is quicker, more lasting than anything else they've known. Clinton-Williams Pty. Ltd., Sydney.



"Myzone not only gives great relief, but seems to keep my complexion clear, as I used to get pimples."

Miss M.P.  
★ The secret is Myzone's amazing Acterin (anti-spasm) compound. Try Myzone with your next "pain." All chemists.

## CONQUERS ASTHMA Mendaco

Now in 3 sizes . . . 3/2, 6/3, 12/6

# The Movie World

May 31, 1941

The Australian Women's Weekly

19

## Sandy has a busy day



● **DOWN ON THE FARM.** Baby Sandy Henville enjoys a quiet hour dressed in her favorite farm outfit, checked shirt and overalls. Sandy has arrived at the terrible age when she asks unanswerable questions and wanders off by herself.



● **WHAT'S FOR TEA?** asks Sandy, back in skirts again after her day's work. This year Sandy's sponsoring the career of another Henville—her baby brother, who makes his film debut shortly.



● **SANDY AT EASE.** Universal's baby star poses placidly on a studio double-bass. Sandy's amiable disposition is a byword. For that reason she is invaluable to her studio. She seldom cries and will cheerfully carry out the director's requests.

## Now she is three...

**T**INIEST glamor girl in Hollywood, and the youngest star, Baby Sandy has established quite a record in pictures. Just three, she has just entered her third year on the screen.

She has grown up from a coo-ing, gurgling infant of ten months to the attractive, knowledgeable toddler she is to-day.

She has made five films for Universal, and has almost completed her sixth. Except for her first, "East Side of Heaven," in which she masqueraded as a boy, all her stories have been specially written for her.

This important young woman, whose full name is Sandra Lee Henville, lives in a modest home next door to Universal studio with her

milkman father, Roy Henville, and her mother.

Sandy's great joy is her new brother, who is making his film debut in the Robert Montgomery-Irene Dunne comedy, "Unfinished Business."

Sandy was ten months old when she first appeared before the cameras. Universal urgently wanted a baby boy for "East Side of Heaven."

Then Roy Henville took a chance and left a photograph of his daughter Sandy with the morning bottle of milk on the doorstep of one of his customers, Charles Previn, who happens to be a musical director of Universal.

Mr. Previn showed the photograph to the film's director, David Butler. Sandy got the part.

# Exclusive pictures of Deanna Durbin's wedding



• Lovely 19-year-old Deanna Durbin in her most important real-life role. For her marriage to assistant-producer Vaughn Paul the young star chose a simple gown of ivory duchesse satin with a sweeping train. The bride was attended by six bridesmaids—Helen Parrish, Anne Shirley, Anne Gwynne, Gene Read, Mrs. Marvin Bradley and Mrs. Thomas King—and Deanna's elder sister, Mrs. Clarence Heckman, was matron-of-honor. They all wore Old-World gowns and picture hats.

*Let Max Factor*  
**INDIVIDUALISE your MAKE-UP**

Joan Bennett, Walter Wanger Star of many notable screen attractions, knows the correct shades of Powder, Rouge and Lipstick to make her more appealing and attractive. For over a quarter of a century 96% of the Motion Picture Stars of Hollywood have had their Color Harmony shades prescribed for them by Max Factor ★ Hollywood. Shades of Powder, Rouge, and Lipstick have been created for blondes, brunettes, brunettes and redheads. There is a correct Color Harmony combination for you... it will please you... it will flatter you... it will give you a natural loveliness. By filling in the coupon below you will receive from Max Factor ★ Hollywood your personal Complexion Analysis and Color Harmony Chart listing the correct shade for your individual type.

Sold at all leading Stores and Chemists and the Max Factor Salon, Her Majesty's Arcade, Sydney.

★ Joan Bennett  
Walter Wanger Star

Max Factor, Her Majesty's Arcade, Sydney, Australia. Send Max Factor postage-free Rouge Sampler and Lipstick palette. I enclose sixpence in stamps to cover postage and handling. Also send me my Color Harmony Makeup chart and 48-page illustrated instruction book, "The New Art of Society Makeup" by Max Factor.

FREE

| NAME         | Complexion                          | EYES                                                         | HAIR                                                         | SKIN                            |
|--------------|-------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------|
| ADDRESS      | Very Light <input type="checkbox"/> | Blue <input type="checkbox"/>                                | BLONDE <input type="checkbox"/>                              | Dry <input type="checkbox"/>    |
|              | Fair <input type="checkbox"/>       | Grey <input type="checkbox"/>                                | Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/> | Oily <input type="checkbox"/>   |
| CITY OR TOWN | Creamy <input type="checkbox"/>     | Green <input type="checkbox"/>                               | BROWNETTE <input type="checkbox"/>                           | Normal <input type="checkbox"/> |
|              | Medium <input type="checkbox"/>     | Hazel <input type="checkbox"/>                               | Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/> | LIPS                            |
| STATE        | Ruddy <input type="checkbox"/>      | Brown <input type="checkbox"/>                               | BRUNETTE <input type="checkbox"/>                            | Minut <input type="checkbox"/>  |
|              | Sallow <input type="checkbox"/>     | Black <input type="checkbox"/>                               | Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/> | Dry <input type="checkbox"/>    |
|              | Freckled <input type="checkbox"/>   | LASHES                                                       | REDHEAD <input type="checkbox"/>                             | AGE                             |
|              | Olive <input type="checkbox"/>      | Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/> | Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/> |                                 |

If hair is Grey, check type above and here

**Max Factor**  
Hollywood & London

Representatives for Australia:  
Fred C. James and  
Geo. H. Anderson Pty. Ltd.,  
Box 3962V, G.P.O., Sydney.

• A close-up of the radiant young couple taken just after the ceremony, as they stood on the steps of the church smilingly acknowledging the cheering thousands who crowded the boulevard. The magnificent reception was held at the Beverly Wiltshire Hotel, where 900 guests were entertained.



• Vaughn and Deanna stayed at the reception only long enough to cut the cake and receive felicitations, then left by car for their secret honeymoon destination (which is whispered to be Honolulu). For her going-away ensemble the bride chose a tailored grey suit, with crisp white blouse and a gaily-striped sailor hat.

# THERE IS NO SUBSTITUTE FOR QUALITY

Arnott's Shredded Wheatmeal Biscuits so popular with everyone — so delicious, crisp and wholesome, contain

1. The whole of the grain of selected wheat which has been grown in special districts for the purpose.
2. The full vitamin protein and mineral salt content of the whole wheat grain.
3. All the elements for tissue replacement and health building in the proper balanced quantities required by the body.

They are non-fattening.

They are a wonderful aid to digestion. This is greatly aided by the natural roughage they contain.

Their analysis reads as follows:—

## SHREDDED WHEATMEAL BISCUITS

72.89% Carbohydrate, 7.44% Protein, 13.3% Fat.

These nice biscuits supply all the essentials to nutrition, in rich abundance. They remain crisp and oven-fresh almost indefinitely as packed in air-tight tins and packets by Arnott's. They are ideal **emergency** biscuits.



WILLIAM ARNOTT PTY. LIMITED

WITH EARLY MORNING TEA



BENEFICIAL FOR CHILDREN



AT 11 O'CLOCK



AT LUNCH WITH BUTTER & CHEESE



FOR AFTERNOON TEA



FOR SUPPER WITH BUTTER, CHEESE, JAM, OR HONEY



# Arnott's

FAMOUS

## SHREDDED WHEATMEAL BISCUITS

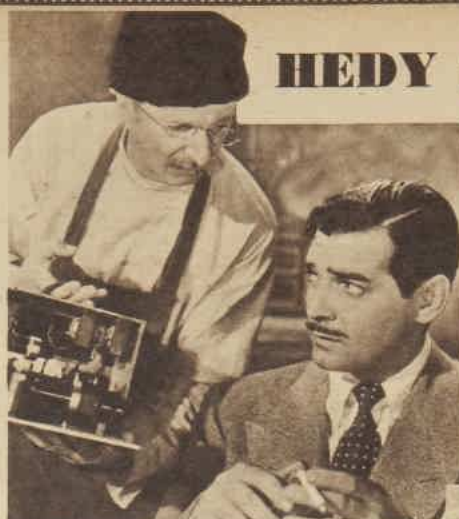
ALWAYS ASK YOUR GROCER FOR ARNOTT'S



**1 IN MOSCOW** police chief Vasiliev (Homolka) starts frantic search for Comrade X, who is sending anti-Communist articles out of Russia by secret code.



**4 FALLEN IN LOVE** with Theodore, Mac readily consents to marriage of convenience, way out approved by Communist plotter Bastakoff, who is Theodore's idol.



**2 SIMPLE-MINDED** hotel porter Vanya (Felix Bressart) finds proof that American reporter Mac (Clark Gable) is Comrade X.



**3 VANYA THREATENS** exposure unless Mac gets his daughter Theodore (Lamarr), wanted by police, out of Russia.



**5 ON THEIR** wedding night, Mac discovers from Theodore that Bastakoff is head of anti-Kremlin plot.



**6 THEN REPORTER** Jane (Eve Arden) at last disillusioned Theodore by revealing Mac as unsympathetic to her ardent revolutionary ideals.

### Comedy and thrills in "Comrade X."

**F**OR the role of Theodore in the M.G.M. comedy drama, "Comrade X", the sultry Hedy Lamarr forsakes her glamor and glitter and drives a street car in workmanlike togs.

This film is her first packed-with-action part. She fights with her co-star Clark Gable and with Eve Arden, hops a freight car, and, just for good measure, does a swimming scene inside a war tank.



**7 DISASTER FOLLOWS** when Vasiliev's agents, who at last suspect Mac is Comrade X, clap them all into gaol.

## ACTRESSES HEAD THE "COMEBACK" TRAIL

**N**OTING the many one-time famous stars who are returning to the screen, I've come to the conclusion that it's the women who are the triers.

Women on the "comeback" trail outnumber men by more than four to one.

Most spirited "comeback" of all is being staged by the forty-three-year-old Gloria Swanson, once a glamor queen at \$5650 a week.

Still beautiful, and with not a line on her face, Gloria is playing opposite Adolphe Menjou in "Father Takes a Wife." She will be gorgeously gowned, and have ample opportunity to prove that she still has as much allure as all the "omph" girls of the present day.

Other old-limers not so ambitious as Gloria are contenting themselves with supporting roles just for a start.

From JOHN B. DAVIES in New York

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Anna Q. Nilsson, once famous in silent films, is coming back in "Pioneer Woman." She dropped out of the movies years ago because of an accident.

Fans over thirty will best remember Eva Novak, who, after a long spell from films, has returned and is playing a supporting role in Paramount's "Henry for President."

Lillian Gish was one of the first great silent stars. Still slim and youthful-looking, at forty-five Lillian has decided to make a bid for film fame again. She will probably appear in the Ida Lupino-Louis Hayward thriller, "Ladies in Retirement."

The striking Evelyn Brent, now forty-two, has a role in "Forced Landing"—her first since 1937.

Ann Harding (her last film was "Love from a Stranger") and Lila Lee are back in town, each shopping for a film part.

Younger actresses who are hitting the comeback trail include the tempestuous French Simone Simon. She is starring in "A Certain Mr. Scratch."

Claire Trevor, who, since her "Dark Command," has been appearing on the New York stage, has just signed a contract with Columbia.

A few men are braving the comeback.

After four years' absence Nils Asther, now forty years old, is in "The Man Who Lost Himself" and "The Night of January 16."

Rival screen idol of such mighty silent figures as John Gilbert and Rudolph Valentino, Norman Kerry, to-day a well-preserved man of forty-six, is playing a character part in Paramount's "Parson of Panamint."

STAR  
TURN

IN  
"Warmeds"

1171. "Kay-Suede" Bed Jacket, square neck, Shirred yoke, wool lace trim, 9/11  
Other Jackets from 7/11

BY

KAYSER

Designed with distinction—"Kay-Suede" is the fabric... Kayser's down-soft cotton... so comfortably snug... so accommodating to the budget. "Kay-Suede" is the answer to the maid who won't wear woolies.

THE MODERN MIRACLE

K-Shrunk  
REG.

Wool and Wool-and-Silk Lingerie made absolutely unshrinkable by this amazing new process! Look for the "K-Shrunk" label—Kayser "K-Shrunk" garments WON'T shrink—Wash them how you please.

Definitely  
I'M A ONE BRAND WOMAN NOW

1194. "Kay-Suede" Nightgown with long lissom line. Wool lace edged revers. 12/11  
Other Nights from 9/11

Hollywood votes him...

## A thoroughly likeable fellow

CAST AS A SMART YOUNG MAN-  
ABOUT-TOWN, FRED MACMURRAY IS  
REALLY A LOVER OF COUNTRY LIFE

WAY back in 1935, Fred MacMurray made his film debut in "The Gilded Lily," and immediately made a hit. Publicity stories poured out about "the saxophone player who became an actor." Feminine fans adored him because he was gay and flippant, yet inherently strong, and even the men rated him "a pretty good fellow."

Guided by his tall and muscular physique and the obstinate set of his jaw, Paramount featured him

in a series of tough, melodramatic roles, and Fred's popularity was on the wane until they remembered that in his first film he had revealed not only virility, but a neat sense of comedy.

They realised that his athletic, loose-limbed figure and cheerful grin were ideal material for comedy, and from then on in practically every film Fred was to be found propping up a modernistic cocktail bar and exchanging smart wisecracks with glamorous young women.

Sometimes he had money, sometimes he hadn't, but always he had

a great thirst and a wicked way with ladies.

The private life of this star provides a happy contrast to his somewhat lounge-lizard existence on the screen.

Both he and his wife are lovers of an active, outdoor life, and are now searching through northern Wisconsin

for a wooded area on which to build a hunting lodge.

After the completion of many of his films, Fred forsakes the hectic life of Hollywood and escapes to the Sierras on a ten-day fishing trip with Australian Colin Tapley, who is one of his best friends in the film colony.

Gay Hollywood night-life holds little appeal for him. It is only on gala occasions that he and his charming wife can be persuaded to don evening togs and join one of the many film parties at one or other of the luxurious night-clubs. But at any sporty gathering—wrestling, races, or a polo meeting—you would be sure to see them both brimming with enthusiasm.

The current pride and joy of the MacMurrays is the newly-adopted daughter,

Susan, who is often a favored visitor to the set.

That extensive feminine following that cheers Fred MacMurray all round the country has its counterpart in Hollywood. There's no other leading man who is so frequently "requested" by popular feminine stars.

By JOAN McLEOD  
in Hollywood

★ A typical study of the carefree Fred MacMurray, who is co-starred with Madeleine Carroll in his two latest films, "Night in Lisbon" and "Virginia." Paramount studio says that his boyish good looks provide the perfect foil for Madeleine's glamorous beauty.

## Lady Diana Stuart-Wortley

drives an ambulance now...

but still keeps her complexion glorious with  
Pond's Two Creams.

Lady Diana Stuart-Wortley, second daughter of the Earl of Warwicks, is one of the most charming of Britain's younger society women. She is a "typically English" beauty, with warm brown hair, deep blue eyes and a delicate pink and white skin. She uses little make-up, and the charm of her lovely complexion is due, she says, almost entirely to her faithful use of Pond's Two Creams.

QUESTION TO  
LADY DIANA STUART-WORTLEY:

Nowadays, of course, you can't afford to spend a lot of time and trouble to spend after your complexion. How do you manage to keep it always looking so lovely?

## ANSWER:

With Pond's two Creams. In war time especially, I find this simple beauty care essential for my complexion. They're so quick and easy to use, yet keep my complexion in perfect condition.

QUESTION TO  
LADY DIANA STUART-WORTLEY:

How do you actually use Pond's Cold Cream?

## ANSWER:

I put Pond's Cold Cream on generously. I let it sit a few minutes to sink in, then wipe it away. Dust and grime left deep down in the pores where soap and water can't penetrate, soon make skin muddy and dull looking.

QUESTION TO  
LADY DIANA STUART-WORTLEY:

And why do you prefer Pond's Vanishing Cream to others?

## ANSWER:

Pond's Vanishing Cream is a wonderful protection, and prevents skin from getting rough and dry. It also holds powder on beautifully, so that one's skin remains velvety for hours on end.



For you—the same simple beauty method of the world's most exclusive women.

For thorough skin cleansing, use Pond's Cold Cream every night and morning and during the day whenever you change your make-up. Pat it on generously, leave it on a few minutes, then wipe it off with cleansing tissues. Pond's Cold Cream removes every bit of dust and stale make-up... keeps your skin flawlessly lovely. Use Pond's Vanishing Cream as a powder base and skin softener. This fluffy, delicate cream holds powder smoothly for hours, and it protects your skin from the roughening effects of sun and wind.



Sold at all stores and chemists in 1/1 tubes, 1/1 jars and generous 2/8 jars containing approximately 3 1/2 times as much. (Inc. S.T.)

FREE! Mail this Coupon under with four 3d stamps in a sealed envelope to your postbox, asking for five tubes of Pond's Two Creams—Cold and Vanishing. You will receive also a sample of Pond's New Improved "Glaze-Proof" Face Powder. Indicate shade wanted.

RACHEL ☐ ROSE BRUNETTE ☐ SUNTAN ☐

LIGHT CREAM ☐ NATURAL ☐ LIGHT NATURAL ☐

POND'S DEPT. (X 5) 1, Box 1111, G.P.O., MELBOURNE.

NAME

ADDRESS

# Putting on a brave face

Let us rejoice that women face dark days with a very gallant air. Eyes still sparkle, hair softly frames the face and lips glow with audacious courage. Uniform by day and flowing glamorous gowns by night. Join in the crusade against gloom by wearing dashing make-ups from the Cashmere Bouquet range.

## ROYAL RED

A regal, glowing crimson that faces sun or moon with equal gallantry. Wear it with all the daffodil tonings with Light Hawaiian Tan face powder.

## SIGNAL RED

If you favour the wearing of greys, blues, scarlet, black or white, add the daring highlight of lips and cheeks in Signal Red. With this, Sungold is your face powder.

## ORCHID RED

In the depths of its crimson lurks a purple glow. Very perfect indeed to wear with violets, greys or burgundy shades. Face powder and foundation should be Pêche shade.

## DARK CYCLAMEN

As romantically lovely as ever, this bewitching evening shade glows with pastel pinks, blues and greens. Pêche is your face powder shade.

## LIGHT CYCLAMEN

A light and vivid make-up to wear with soft rosy shades that are so becoming to blondes. With it, you will find Pêche face powder very lovely.

**CASHMERE BOUQUET FACE POWDER.**  
This exquisitely fine, silk-sifted face powder comes in shades that blend with the natural skin tone, whether it be lilypair or tanned to a warm bronze.

COLGATE'S  
**Cashmere Bouquet**  
COLOURFAST LIPSTICK AND ROUGE

Whether your skin be dry, normal or oily, you will find these Cashmere Bouquet preparations, the perfect way to retain a youthful freshness.

- CASHMERE BOUQUET CLEANSING CREAM (for the normal or dry skin) cleanses deep into the pores, removing all make-up and impurities.
- CASHMERE BOUQUET CLEANSING MILK (for the oily skin) leaves the skin scrupulously clean. All types of skin may use Cleansing Milk where a quick change of make-up is required.
- CASHMERE BOUQUET TISSUE CREAM rejuvenates the skin by nourishing the tissues, strengthening muscle fibres and smoothing out wrinkles and fatigue lines.
- CASHMERE BOUQUET SKIN TONIC ASTRINGENT is an excellent bronzer before make-up. It also refines the pores and corrects excessive oiliness.



# FASHION PORTFOLIO

May 31, 1941

The Australian Women's Weekly

25

## BLITHE YOUNG STYLES...

● Studied nonchalance is achieved with this mustard suit with its longish, pocketed jacket and slim skirt. With it a crisp white shirt and gay red fez.



● Casual little frock made in dusty-pink sheer wool with panel skirt and tailored top. Touches of green on belt, buttons, and collar give a fillip of color.



● Very trim suit in heavy royal-blue wool with slightly flared skirt and pert, nipped-in jacket with wide pique revers to give a dewy-fresh look.



● Sensational frock in brilliant green-sheer wool, introducing a new note with tucks—at the midriff, down the front and across the shoulders.

● Rusty-brown, dress-maker suit, slim as a reed and featuring a young petal collar. The tip-tilted felt hat is banded with white to match the blouse.

# Evening Sophisticates . . .



● The transparency of shadowy black lace over flesh-colored silk crepe gives allure to this dinner dress. The slightly peg-topped draped skirt is black silk jersey. (Top left.)

● A striking evening ensemble of white silk jersey which illustrates two important fashion trends—the harem draped skirt and the cape. Touches of glitter are introduced with a wide gold kid belt and gold earrings. (Top right.)

● Dinner gown of dusty-orange crepe, polka-dotted in black. A deep plunging neckline, split skirt, and peplum give it that 1941 look. (Bottom left.)

● Black tulle with gold and silver lame dots is used for a full, peasant skirt, topped by a tight-fitting bodice of plain black tulle. On the left shoulder a gleaming corsage of silver flowers. (Bottom right.)

# Variety . . . in CAPES

● This season capes are temperamental . . . you'll see minute little affairs just covering the shoulders or impressive, swashbuckling ones right to the hemline.

These American models were sketched by Petrov.



● 1.—A travel costume in aqua tweed has a tailored cape lined with scarlet, black, and white plaid and a waistcoat-bodice frock with plaid revers.

● 2.—Drama for important evenings. Over a slender white crepe frock a stunning full-length cape of black velvet lined with red crepe and featuring a diamante-studded yoke.

● 3.—Clever afternoon dress with a matching draped cape set into the shoulder seams. The cape is elbow-length, and the ensemble is made in cocoa-brown sheer wool.

● 4.—To achieve that "wide-at-the-top" look which is currently popular, New York is sponsoring sleek, tailored suits with tiny shoulder capelets.

AM I ASHAMED?  
GETTING THIS  
LADDER WHEN  
**STOCKINGS** ARE  
SO PRECIOUS...

IT'S BETTY'S OWN  
FAULT, PARTNER.  
IF ONLY SHE'D **LUX**  
US EVERY NIGHT...

Then Betty **DID** start  
Luxing Stockings  
every bedtime and . . .

MM, MY  
STOCKINGS **DO**  
LAST AGES LONGER  
NOW. **LUX** RESTORES  
THE ELASTICITY  
. . . CUTS DOWN  
ON RUNS

**LUX**

LUX contains no soda  
A LEVER PRODUCT

Lux for all fine washing

5.553.25

**FREEDOM  
OF THE AIR ...**  
WITH BAND-SPREAD  
ALL-WAVE TUNING



*Tune in to...*

SINGAPORE  
SAIGON  
MANILA  
TOKIO  
BATAVIA  
SHANGHAI  
EGYPT  
BANGKOK  
IRAQ  
RANGOON  
MOSCOW  
VATICAN  
BERLIN  
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PARIS  
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ANKARA  
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FRISCO  
NOUMEA

Now, all the stations of the world are yours! Untrammelled by overcrowding and overlapping—they respond to the most revolutionary tuning circuits ever devised—Band-spreading does it! It spaces out ALL-World stations like local transmissions. For **COMPLETE ALL-WAVE COVERAGE** seven bands accommodate all present stations local and overseas with extra room for future expansion. Ordinary Dual-Wave receivers cover only part of world broadcast channels. All-Wave tuning gives you London, Berlin, New York, Paris, together with new stations and commercial transmissions hitherto beyond the scope of ordinary dual-wave receivers. You get a galaxy of news, scintillating musical programmes from all quarters of the world with a new glorious tone quality almost unbelievable in short-wave listening.

Don't buy a radio before you hear the finest radio ever released by Hotpoint Bandmaster.

Hotpoint-Bandmaster radios are unsurpassed for beauty and performance. They include in the complete series . . . Consoles, Mantels, Portables and Combinations for All-Wave, Dual-Wave and Medium Wave and for Electric operation or from Battery or Vibrator.

Illustrated at top right: Model B19SE, a fine example of a beautiful Hotpoint cabinet—(9 valves—7 wave-bands).



**Hotpoint**  
**BAND-MASTER**

Your Local Hotpoint Radio Dealer will gladly arrange a demonstration for you, or communicate direct with . . .

**AUSTRALIAN  
GENERAL ELECTRIC**  
PROPRIETARY LIMITED

SYDNEY: 93 Clarence St. NEWCASTLE: 9-11 Darby St. LISMORE: Keen St. MELBOURNE: 555 Bourke St. BRISBANE: 32 Adelaide St. ROCKHAMPTON: 57 William St. TOWNSVILLE: Flinders St. East. ADELAIDE: Pirie St. HOBART: T. & G. Bldg., Collins St. LAUNCESTON: 15 The Quadrant.

AGENT in W.A.: Atkins (W.A.) Ltd., 894 Hay St., PERTH.



**MODEL G56SE:** 6 Valve, 7 Wave-Band Table Model with Band-Spread All-Wave Tuning gives a performance truly remarkable. An outstanding design.



**HOTPOINT BANDMASTER PORTABLE RADIO** Gives excellent medium wave performance. With disappearing Flap-Jack cover.



*Free...*

This attractive sixteen-page booklet is invaluable to every housewife. It contains useful hints on Cooking, Cleaning, Laundering, Lighting and general electrical and practical household hints, also a special two-page guide for removing stains. Mail the coupon to the nearest A.G.E. Office. Readers in West Australia mail to Atkins (W.A.) Ltd., 894 Hay Street, Perth.

NAME

ADDRESS

837-36A 31/5/41.

# GAY KNITTED JUMPER...

● Made in maize-colored wool and as warm as the sunshine itself. High round neck, puff sleeves are flattering and the diagonal bands of fancy stitch are new and smart.

HERE is an easy-to-knit design in jumpers. It takes only seven ounces of 4-ply wool and features fascinating diagonal bands in fancy stitch.

**Materials Required:** 7 skeins "Sunbeam" Wilga 4-ply fingering wool, shade No. 2185 (maize); 2 pairs needles, Nos. 10 and 12; 4 small buttons.

**Measurements:** Length from top of shoulder, 20in.; bust, 32/34in.; length of sleeve seam, 4½in.

**Abbreviations:** K, knit; p, purl; st., stitch; tog., together.

**Tension:** 7 sts., 1in.; 9 rows, 1in.

## FRONT

Using No. 12 needles cast on 100 sts. Work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 3½in. (working 1st row into back of sts.). Change to No. 10 needles.

**Next Row** (wrong side of work): \* P twice into next st., p 9, repeat from \* to last 10 sts., p twice into next st., p 8, p twice into last st. (111 sts.).

**1st Row:** \* K 15, (k 1, p 2) 3 times, repeat from \* 3 times, k 3, (k 1, p 2) 3 times, k 3.

**2nd Row:** P 3, (k 2, p 1) 3 times, p 3, \* (k 2, p 1) 3 times, p 15, repeat from \* 3 times.

Repeat last 2 rows.  
**5th Row:** K 1, p 2, \* k 15, (k 1, p 2) 3 times, repeat from \* 3 times, (k 1, p 2) twice, k 6.

**6th Row:** P 6, (k 2, p 1) twice, \* (k 2, p 1) 3 times, p 15, repeat from \* 3 times, k 2, p 1.

Repeat last 2 rows.  
**9th Row:** (K 1, p 2) twice, \* k 15, (k 1, p 2) 3 times, repeat from \* 3 times, k 9.

**10th Row:** P 9, \* (k 2, p 1) 3 times, p 15, repeat from \* 3 times, (k 2, p 1) twice.

Repeat last 2 rows.  
**12th Row:** \* (k 1, p 2) 3 times, k 15, repeat from \* twice, (k 1, p 2) 3 times, k 9, (k 1, p 2) 3 times, k 12.

**14th Row:** P 12, (k 2, p 1) 3 times, p 9, (k 2, p 1) 3 times, \* p 15, (k 2, p 1) 3 times, repeat from \* twice.

Repeat last 2 rows.

**17th Row:** K 3, (k 1, p 2) 3 times, \* k 15, (k 1, p 2) 3 times, repeat from \* twice, k 3, (k 1, p 2) 3 times, k 15.

**18th Row:** P 15, (k 2, p 1) 3 times, p 3, \* (k 2, p 1) 3 times, p 15, repeat from \* twice, (k 2, p 1) 3 times, p 3.

Repeat last 2 rows.

**21st Row:** K 6, \* (k 1, p 2) 3 times, k 15, repeat from \* twice, (k 1, p 2) 5 times, k 16, p 2.

**22nd Row:** K 2, p 16, (k 2, p 1) 5 times, \* p 15, (k 2, p 1) 3 times, repeat from \* twice, p 6.

Repeat last 2 rows.  
**25th Row:** K 9, \* (k 1, p 2) 3 times, k 15, repeat from \* 3 times, (k 1, p 2) twice.

**26th Row:** (K 2, p 1) twice, \* p 15, (k 2, p 1) 3 times, repeat from \* 3 times, p 9.

Repeat last 2 rows.  
**29th Row:** K 12, \* (k 1, p 2) 3 times, k 15, repeat from \* once, (k 1, p 2) 3 times, k 9, (k 1, p 2) 3 times, k 15.

**30th Row:** (K 2, p 1) 3 times, p 15, (k 2, p 1) 3 times, p 9, \* (k 2, p 1) 3 times, p 15, repeat from \* once, (k 2, p 1) 3 times, p 12.

Repeat last 2 rows.  
**33rd Row:** \* K 15, (k 1, p 2) 3 times, repeat from \* twice, k 3 (k 1, p 2) 3 times, k 15, (k 1, p 2) 3 times, k 3.

**34th Row:** P 3, (k 2, p 1) 3 times, p 15, (k 2, p 1) 3 times, p 3, \* (k 2, p 1) 3 times, p 15, repeat from \* twice.



JUMPER in maize-colored wool. Make it for the cooler days ahead, and wear it with your winter suit or for general sports.

Continue to work in pattern, taking each rib stripe 3 sts. towards the centre every 4th row. When work measures 12½in. shape armholes by casting off 4 sts. at the beginning of the next 2 rows. K 2 tog. each end of the next 4 rows, then every 2nd row 4 times. When armholes measure 4½in. shape neck as follows:

**Next Row:** Work 39 sts. (leave on spare needle), cast off 9 sts., work 39 sts. Continue on last 39 sts. and k 2 tog. at neck edge of the next 6 rows, then every 2nd row until decreased to 26 sts. When armhole measures 7in. shape shoulder by casting off 7 sts. at armhole edge every 2nd row 4 times. Join wool at neck edge and work other side to correspond.

## BACK

Work the same as for front until armhole measures 3in.

**Next Row:** Work 41 sts. (leave remaining 46 sts. on spare needle).

**Next Row:** Cast on 5 sts., work to end of row.

Continue in pattern until armhole measures 7in. Shape shoulder by casting on 7 sts. at armhole edge every 2nd row 4 times. Cast off.

Join wool and work the 46 sts. on spare needle to correspond with other side, making buttonholes as follows: 1st one being 1½in. from opening and 2 more 1½in. apart.

## BUTTONHOLES

**1st Row:** Work 3 sts., cast off 2 sts., work to end of row.

**2nd Row:** Work to last 3 sts., cast on 2 sts., work 3 sts.

## SLEEVES

Using No. 12 needles cast on 80 sts. Work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 1½in. (working 1st row into back of sts.). Change to No. 10 needles.

**Next Row:** \* P 4, p twice into next st., repeat from \* to end. (96 sts.)

**1st Row:** K 4, \* (k 1, p 2) 3 times, k 14, repeat from \* 3 times.

**2nd Row:** \* P 14, (k 2, p 1) 3 times, repeat from \* 3 times, p 4.

Repeat last 2 rows.  
**5th Row:** K 7, \* (k 1, p 2) 3 times, k 14, repeat from \* twice, (k 1, p 2) 3 times, k 11.

**6th Row:** P 11, \* (k 2, p 1) 3 times, p 14, repeat from \* twice, (k 2, p 1) 3 times, p 7.

Repeat last 2 rows.  
**9th Row:** K 10, \* (k 1, p 2) 3 times, k 14, repeat from \* twice, (k 1, p 2) 3 times, k 8.

**10th Row:** P 8, (k 2, p 1) 3 times, \* p 14, (k 2, p 1) 3 times. Repeat from \* twice, p 10.

Repeat last 2 rows.  
**13th Row:** K 13, \* (k 1, p 2) 3 times, k 14, repeat from \* twice, (k 1, p 2) 3 times, k 5.

**14th Row:** P 5, (k 2, p 1) 3 times, \* p 14, (k 2, p 1) 3 times. Repeat from \* twice, k 13.

Repeat last 2 rows.  
Continue working in pattern, taking each stripe 3 sts. forward every 4th row.

When work measures 4½in. k 2 tog. each end of every 2nd row until decreased to 40 sts., then every row until decreased to 20 sts. Cast off. Work the 2nd sleeve to correspond, working each row from the end to the beginning.

Continued on page 32

# SNOWS



## HERE'S YOUR COAT

with slim, important lines to make you look your subtle best!

# 37/6

W 1.—Here's a coat to take you from dawn to dusk superbly groomed. The front has convertible lapels—an entirely new effect—and the back hangs string-straight with full length tucks that do things for your figure! In grey, fawn, soldier-blue, wineberry, black. XSSW-W. Worth 55/- Now 37/6.

(Snows Pay Freight)

## MAIL ORDERS

promptly and efficiently executed by our expert staff. Post your orders early to Sydney Snow Pty. Ltd., Pitt and Liverpool Streets, Sydney. Phone, M 4408.



Always look for the name

# MORLEY

ON UNDERWEAR AND KNITWEAR

# Hooray!



## MUM'S MADE A CHOCOLATE CAKE



### Chocolate Sponge

3 eggs — 4 oz. sugar — 4 oz. flour —  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon cream of tartar — 1 dessertspoon Bournville Cocoa — 3 tablespoons water — 1 teaspoon butter —  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon carb. of soda

**Method:** Beat egg whites, add unbeaten yolks and sugar. Beat till thick. Stir in well-sifted flour and cream of tartar. Blend Bournville Cocoa in water, boil butter, then pour on to carbonate of soda. Stir into cake mixture, mixing in well. Pour into well-greased sandwich tins. Bake in a moderate oven 20-25 minutes. Turn out; when cold join with frosting and cover top.

### Chocolate Icing

2 oz. Bournville Cocoa —  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. icing sugar —  $\frac{1}{2}$  gill water — Few drops of vanilla

**Method:** Roll the lumps out of the sugar, then rub it through a fine sieve. Put the cocoa into a saucepan and mix to a smooth paste with the water. Stir over a low gas for a few minutes to cook it, then leave until cool. Add the sieved icing sugar and flavouring and mix all to a smooth paste. Stir over a low gas until the bottom of the saucepan feels just warm, then use as required. If the correct consistency, the icing should just coat the back of the spoon. If necessary, add more water, or sieved sugar as required.



### Chocolate Eclairs and Cream Buns

$1\frac{1}{2}$  oz. butter — Whipped cream — Chocolate icing —  $1\frac{1}{2}$  gills water — 3 oz. flour (sifted) — Vanilla — 2 eggs

**Method:** Put water and butter in a pan and when boiling add the flour. Stir quickly in the same direction and cook for about ten minutes, beating all the time. The paste should leave the sides of the pan without sticking. Cool slightly and beat in the eggs. Add flavouring. Cool and, if for buns, place small round lumps on a greased baking-sheet. Bake in a moderate oven for twenty minutes. Cool on a sieve. Make a small incision in the sides, press down with the fingers and put in whipped cream sweetened to taste. Stand on a rack and coat with chocolate icing. To make eclairs, use an icing bag with screw only, and force small rolls in place of the lumps.



### Spiff Pudding

$\frac{1}{2}$  lb. flour — 6 oz. moist sugar — 1 oz. Bournville Cocoa — 5 oz. suet — 1 flat teaspoonful carbonate of soda —  $\frac{3}{4}$  pint milk — Few stoned raisins

**Method:** Well grease a basin and decorate the bottom of it with stoned raisins to form a "cap." Sieve the flour and cocoa together. Add the suet, chopped finely, and mix well with the flour, then mix in the sugar. Boil the milk, then draw to the side and stir in the soda. Add this at once, to the dry ingredients, and mix all together. Put into the prepared basin; the latter should only be about two-thirds full. Cover securely with a paper well greased on both sides, and steam for about four or five hours. Turn on to a dish, and, if liked, serve with Chocolate Sauce.

What a treat! Watch the kiddies' eyes gleam the moment they find out that Mum's made a Chocolate Cake! In fact, everyone loves delicious Chocolate Cake—especially when Bournville Cocoa is used for flavouring. That's because Bournville provides that rich, satisfying, chocolaty flavour that children—and grown-ups, too—love so much. Your cakes, sweets, and desserts can be made doubly enticing simply by the addition of Bournville Cocoa—and remember, you're adding real nourishment as well as improving the flavour. Bournville is economical to use, too, so buy a tin to-day! Make a Chocolate Cake and give the family a real treat.

### FREE GIFTS

Start to save Bournville coupons to-day for handsome Free Gifts. You will find 1 coupon in every  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. tin, 2 coupons in every  $\frac{1}{4}$  lb. tin, and 4 coupons in every 1 lb. tin. There's a wide range of gifts from which you may choose—here are some examples:—

Any  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. block of Cadbury's Chocolate for only 8 coupons  
A  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. box or a  $\frac{1}{4}$  lb. tin of Cadbury's Chocolates—20 Coupons.  
Pastel Blue Cocoa Jug—holds almost a quart—and saucer lid—50 coupons.



This gift scheme does not operate in Queensland or South Australia. B57P1

# CADBURY'S BOURNVILLE COCOA

# Fashion PATTERNS

## PLEASE NOTE!

To ensure prompt despatch of patterns ordered by post you should:

- \* Write your name and full address in block letters. \* Be sure to include necessary stamps and postal notes. \* State size required. \* For children, state age of child. \* Use box numbers given on concession coupon.



F1866.—Dinner gown with full, flowing skirt, slim-fitting waist, and full bodice. 32 to 38 bust. Requires: 8½yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/10.

F1759.—Hooded suit—ideal for skating and winter sports. Full pleated skirt. 32 to 38 bust. Requires: 3½yds., 54ins. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F2112.—Dainty blouse with scarf tie at neck, short sleeves and lace trimming. 32 to 38 bust. Requires: 1½yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/4.

F3234.—Youthful day frock suitable for lightweight woollen fabric. 32 to 38 bust. Requires: 2½yds., 54ins. wide, and ½yd. contrast, 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F3220.—Afternoon frock designed for making up in silk or light wool. 32 to 38 bust. Requires: 2½yds., 54ins. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F3197.—Smart suit in dress-maker style—useful for general wear. 32 to 38 bust. Requires: 2½yds., 54ins. wide, and ½yd., 36ins. wide, contrast. Pattern, 1/7.

F2113.—Jaunty three-quarter coat on newest boxy lines. High neck, big pockets. 32 to 38 bust. Requires: 1½yds., 54ins. wide. Pattern, 1/4.

## Special concession pattern

THREE young designs for daytime frocks. Sizes, 32, 34 and 36-inch bust.

No. 1.—Requires 2½yds., 54ins. wide, and ½yd., 48in. fur fabric.

No. 2.—Requires 2½yds., 54ins. wide.

No. 3.—Requires 2½yds., 54ins. wide, and ½yd., 54in. floral.

## CONCESSION COUPON

AVAILABLE for one month from date of issue. must be forwarded for each coupon enclosed. 3d. stamp over one month old 3d. extra.

Send your order to "Pattern Department," to the address in your box as under:

Box 282A, G.P.O., Adelaide  
Box 416G, G.P.O., Perth  
Box 416G, G.P.O., Brisbane  
Box 416G, G.P.O., Sydney  
Box 416G, G.P.O., Melbourne  
Box 416G, G.P.O., Newcastle  
Box 416G, G.P.O., Sydney

Patterns may be called for or obtained by post. (N.Z. readers use money orders only.)

PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS CLEARLY IN BLOCK LETTERS

NAME .....  
STREET .....  
TOWN .....  
STATE .....  
SUBURB .....  
Pattern Coupon, 31/3/41.



## Trained Nurse Offers Remedy for Grey Hair

Recommends Simple Home-Made  
Mixture That Quickly Darkens It.

Miss Mary J. Hayes, a well-known nurse, makes the following statement about grey hair: "The use of the following remedy, which you can make at home, is the best thing I know of for streaked, faded or grey hair, which turns black, brown or light brown as you desire. Of course, you could do the mixing yourself to save expense. Just get a small box of Orlex Compound from your chemist and mix up with 1 ounce of Bay Rum, 1 ounce Glycerine and a half-pint of water. This only costs a little. Comb the liquid through the hair every other day until the mixture is used up. It is absolutely harmless, free from grease or gum, is not sticky and does not rub off. Itchy dandruff, if you have any, quickly leaves your scalp, and your hair is left beautifully soft and glossy. Just try this if you would look years and years more youthful."

Clinton-Williams Pty. Ltd., Sydney.

## Sleepless?

Build up your Nerves with these Concentrated Tonic Tablets, and Sleep Sound each Night.

Throw away those pills and draughts you have been taking to make you sleep. They only dope the system temporarily . . . make matters worse in the end. Get at the cause of your sleepless nights—weak, run-down nerves. What you need is a short course of Phosphorated Iron—a scientific combination of organic iron, phosphorus and other special nerve-tonic elements concentrated in easy-to-take tablets. Phosphorated Iron restores, calms and strengthens weak, frayed and highly-strung nerves. Quickly builds fresh reserves of nerve force. Soon you will feel stronger, eat better, and once more enjoy restful relaxed sleep. Decide now to build up your nerves and end the worry and torture of sleepless nights, this safe, positive way. Ask your chemist to-day for Phosphorated Iron.

Clinton-Williams Pty. Ltd., Sydney.

For your lounge . . .

Needlework Notions

## NEW CUSHION-COVERS

● Two easy-to-work designs in linen, Cesarine, linora, or crash. Covers all ready for making up and working. Order now and work them by the fire these cold nights.

THESE two attractive cushion-covers are obtainable from our Needlework Department traced ready for working and making up.

Size is 18 by 18 inches and the materials are linen in cream, blue, yellow, pink, or green; Cesarine in cream, green, blue, or yellow; linora in cream, blue, pink, green, or yellow; or crash in natural tone.

Prices are:

Designs Nos. 1 and 2: Linen,

5/11; Cesarine, 4/3; linora, 3/9; crash, 4/3. Plus 3d. postage.

No. 1 design would look well worked in reds, F700 and F497, and green, F498. Bright yellow, F444, is also very attractive.

No. 2 could be worked in leftover strands of wool in bright colors.

Threads for working may also be obtained from our Needlework Department: Embroidery wool, 101d. a skein; stranded cottons 21d. a skein.



FROCK TRACED for cutting out, making up, and working in sheer linen or winceyette. Available in sizes one to two years and two to four years.

## Frock for the tiny tot

● Dainty style for your little girl, ready for you to cut out, make up and work in a simple but effective design.

THE frock for the small girl shown on the left may be obtained from our Needlework Department traced for making and working.

The pattern for cutting out and the design for the embroidery are traced on sheer linen in white, pale blue, pink, yellow or green, or on winceyette in white, cream, blue, yellow, pink, or lemon.

Sizes and prices are:

One to 2 years: Linen, 7/11; winceyette, 3/3.

Two to 4 years: Linen, 8/3; winceyette, 3/9. Plus 3d. for postage.

The embroidery is quite simple to do. Use Filoselle silks in cream, pale pink, blue or green. These are also obtainable from our Needlework Department.

Paper pattern of this design for those who would like to make up the frock in their own material may also be obtained from our Needlework Department for 1/-. No embroidery transfer available.

### SEND TO THIS ADDRESS!

Adelaide: Box 388A, G.P.O. Brisbane: Box 4007, G.P.O. Melbourne: Box 1950, G.P.O. Newcastle: Box 41, G.P.O. Perth: Box 1810, G.P.O. Sydney: Box 1088W, G.P.O. If mailing, 170 Castlereagh St., at Dutton House, 115 Pitt St. Tasmania: Write to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 1850, G.P.O., Melbourne. New Zealand: Write to Sydney office.

## Gay Knitted Jumper

Continued from page 29

### NECKBAND

Join shoulder seams. With right side of work towards you, using No. 12 needles, pick up and k 106 sts. around neck. Work 3 rows rib of k 1, p 1.

Next Row: Rib 3 sts., cast off 2 sts., rib to end of row.

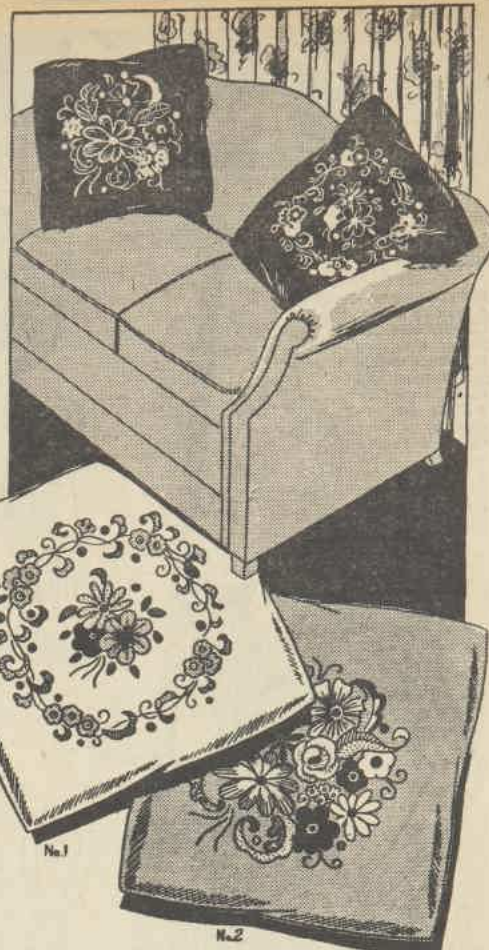
Next Row: Rib to last 3 sts., cast on 2 sts., rib 3 sts. Work 4 rows ribbing. Cast off in ribbing.

### TO MAKE UP

Press with a warm iron and damp cloth. Sew up seams, pleat sleeves around armholes. Sew buttons on back opening.

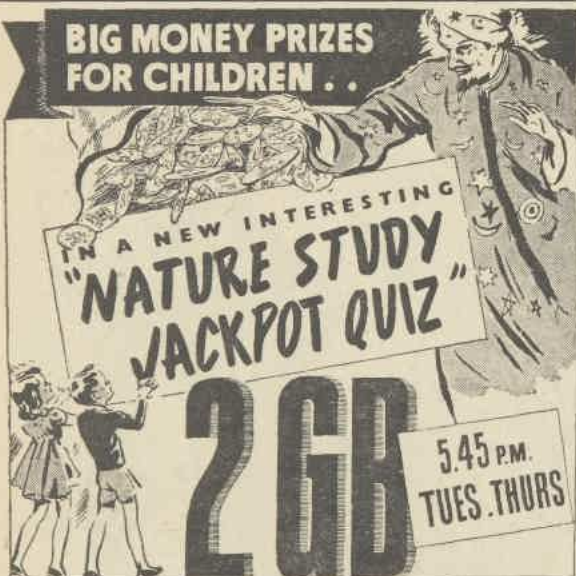
### TO WASH WOOLIES

Use best quality soap and warm water. Dip garments in suds, squeeze and work about but do not rub. Rinse in several lukewarm waters until all traces of soap have disappeared. Then squeeze out the water without twisting and place garment flat on a clean towel to dry. Don't hang over a line, or it will pull out of shape.



MAKE YOUR lounge gay for the winter with these cushion-covers. Traced ready for working and making up in linen, linora, or Cesarine in colors, or in natural-toned crash.

## BIG MONEY PRIZES FOR CHILDREN . .



2GB

5.45 P.M.  
TUES. THURS

Lyndall Barbour as  
Patricia Thornton,  
the Actress, in

## "KING'S CROSS FLATS"

Behind its walls lie Romance,  
Drama, Tragedy.

Mons. to Thurs.

2GB

1 p.m.



## BRONCHIAL COUGH

Sleep Sound All Night . . .

Buckley's CANADIOL Mixture certainly makes short work of stubborn hang-on coughs and colds that no other cough remedy will budge, according to Mrs. J. F.

She says: "I have had Bronchial trouble for some time, and a few weeks ago I caught a heavy cold. I decided to try Buckley's CANADIOL. It relieved me straight away; it is marvellous how it loosened and brought the phlegm away, and stopped the cough. I am now quite well and all soreness has gone."

You can't go wrong on Buckley's—by far the largest-selling cough medicine in all of blizzarding cold Canada. It's powerful-acting. The most swift, positive remedy you can get. One or two doses ends a stubborn cough and even the toughest old hang-on coughs leave for good in a day or two. Get a bottle to-day at any chemist or store. A SINGLE SIP PROVES IT

**Buckley's  
CANADIOL MIXTURE**

Clinton-Williams Pty. Ltd., Sydney



• "UGLY MAN" Captain John Arnott tells Katherine Clifford he is doing very well in competition in aid of Army Queen. Photo taken at Victoria Barracks score-board.



• FIRST OFFICIAL appearance as Premier's wife . . . Mrs. Bill McKell arrives at Lebanon Ball at Grace Auditorium to receive debutantes.



• LADY DAVIDSON and Mary Savage on duty at Lord Mayor's Fund depot flower stall. Celebrates its first birthday this week . . . has raised £500.



• JOAN HODGSON looks decorative in high, wide, and handsome brown halo felt, trailing blue chiffon. Lunching at Prince's.

# On the Social Record

## by Miss Midnight

### Cowra "picnics" . . .

DASH off to Cowra in response to president Jack McWilliam's invitation to "Come to picnic races. For patriotic funds." Newly-wed Pat (Mrs. Phillip) Thompson meets me at train crack o' dawn, and takes me off to her flat for breakfast.

Out to course before first race in time to see who is around. Mrs. Jim Fagan, smart in black and royal-blue accessories, arrives with house guest golfer Betty Gowling. Margot Mackay, of Errowanbang, in black, too . . . violet gloves and bag.

The Ernest Merrimans drive from Yass, the John Craces and Horton Brownes from Young . . . Mrs. Horty Browne dons beige foxes to match brown-and-beige suit.

After countless impromptu cocktail parties finally manage to reach Race Ball in time for supper. Huge hall gaily decorated with window-boxes of multi-colored flowers. Pat Thompson adds color by wearing going-away frock of red velvet. And there's no missing Lorna Searl in what she calls her "No parking" frock . . . black-striped yellow skirt, snappy yellow jacket.

Beef tea about three a.m. slightly revives us before we totter home-wards.

### These chilly nights . . .

DON'T know if everyone is becoming wool-conscious or merely cold, but I am noticing lots of smart woollies around town at night. With filmy white evening frock Kathleen Clayton dons snappy hyacinth-pink hand-knitted jacket, waist-length. Nancy Baldick's white knitted jacket is effectively trimmed with sequins.

Elizabeth Rabett's haze-blue wool romaine dinner-frock has shirred sleeves and tailored gold lame bow at high neckline . . . silver sequins sparkle on bodice of Mrs. Jim Lowry's periwinkle-blue wool gown . . . Pamela Fuller throws a sweeping military cape of burgundy wool across her shoulders . . . Tika Mac-Master's dusty-pink suede cloth evening coat, beautifully tailored, gold sequins on pockets, is super.

### Cartref's birthday . . .

JANETTE WILLIAMS tells me Cartref Naval War Auxiliary Committee is all in favor of more Federal and State elections . . . on last two election days these young things have raised £60 from market stalls erected in driveway at Cartref (Jan's home), near Double Bay polling booth.

Cartref Committee celebrates its first birthday on June 2, thrilled with hard-to-beat result of £300 in a year. Headed by Jan as president, this energetic committee of pretty debs. includes Lesley Pope, Pam Wippell, Margaret Maxwell, Barbara Blomfield, Jill Roberts. Dahlis Robertson is acting-secretary for Diana Harvey Sutton, who is studying for leaving exam. this year.

### Did you know? . . .

PAT HOLLINGDALE is Sydney guest at wedding in Melbourne of Sue Dennett and Corporal Barclay Cecil. Newly-weds will live at Tamworth.

Very short engagement for Queensland's Sylvia White and George Bassingthwaite, R.A.A.F. They wed this month. Sylvia celebrated twenty-first birthday just before engagement was announced.

### Not a tram-fare left . . .

SIMPLY popeyed at rolls of notes pouring into cashier Valerie Purves' lap at Monte Carlo night given by the Nigel Smiths at Knellerpore, their Double Bay home. No wonder Red Cross V.A. Queen Sue Gee looks pleased with result . . . benefits by £150.

Log fires and comfy chairs put 100 guests (by invitation only) in right frame of mind to delve deeply into pockets . . . some hours later very few have tram-fare home.

Close on my heels arrive two luscious fur capes . . . Mrs. Keith Mackay's finger-tip Arctic fox and Lady Mostyn's circular silver fox. Then two lovely velvet dinner-frocks, Mrs. Ernest Watt in lipstick-red, Di Browne in forest-green.

Lady Kater, Mrs. Dick Pye, Mrs. Leonard Darby, Mrs. Wang Osborne, Mrs. Reg. Bettlington, Mrs. Jim Ryrie, Jean Kennedy are among "house" enthusiasts.

Jimmy Bancks is barman again.

### Pink icing . . .

BETTY GIBSON proves value of her domestic science course at Technical College by making delicious cake for coming-of-age party. Pink-iced and twenty-one candles.

Celebrations at parents' Kirribilli flat. She is the only child of Mr. and Mrs. J. Gibson. Fifty guests include many former school friends from Loreto . . . among them Clare McMahon, Lorna Marsden, Buntyn van Wicheren, June Bremner, Mollie and Betty Oxenham, Mrs. Tom Bateman, Mrs. John Hoben (former Vicki Burke) there, too. She has just chosen unusual name Nicolai for month-old baby daughter.

### Java-bound . . .

SO few places newly-weds can go these days, except coastal motor-ing tours or mountains, that the Norman Webbs are much envied when they take off in super Dutch plane for month in Java.

When they return it will be to bridegroom's property, Cowley, near Charleville, Queensland. Attractive bride formerly Jean MacPherson, of Boorowa.

Forty guests, mostly country and interstate visitors, drink toasts at Australia after ceremony at St. Canice's. Bride's sister, Mrs. Harry Fraser, of Gundagai, smart in tailored sage-green ensemble trimmed with leopard pockets . . . dove-grey and hyacinths for Mrs. Keith MacPherson, of Boorowa.

The Jack Webbs come from Deniliquin, the Don Webbs from Wangaratta, and the Charles Harkins' from Barnawartha, Victoria. Mesdames Gordon Spicer, Mack Brown, Bill Scott, Colin Venn, Les Osborne, Clive Robinson, Clive Savage, and Cecil Johnson also among well-wishers.

### Heard around town . . .

THE Cam Jaquets' infant daughter is named Peta.

Latest additions to Di Godsall's menagerie at Adelaide home are two baby penguins, named Wally and Molly. Gift from Pilot Johnny Chapman.

Nice idea . . . Mrs. P. H. Davis, when she recently left America, was presented by friends with hat-box filled with parcels dated to be opened every day of the voyage.



• MESSAGES from Malaya. Adele Shelton Smith (centre) shows Jean Allman (left) and Mrs. D. Henderson autograph book containing personal messages sent to them . . . photographed at The Australian Women's Weekly tea party. Pickwick Club.



• ALL FOR THE KITCHEN. Bonnie Longworth (right), who weds Lester Smith this Tuesday, gets able assistance from aunt Mrs. Norman Longworth in opening parcels at kitchen tea.



• YOUTHFUL GUESTS Rosemary Budge (left) and Ruth Julius at one-man art show presented by equally youthful artist, 20-year-old Sylvia Davis. Anthony Hordern's gallery.



• HARBOR THRILLS . . . Alison Hardy and Noeline Pickering go for a spin from R.M.Y.C. in luxury cruiser Steady Hour.

# The Count Came To Call

Continued from page 3

THE twins were watching me, waiting for me to spit it out. I couldn't chew it; my mouth was burning up. So I swallowed it. When it went down, each of their throats gave an involuntary gulp. I said: "Sorry. I swallowed that one. Got another piece?"

A sort of awed admiration widened their eyes as Michael brought out his package again. This piece he pulled from the bottom of the packet. And it was pure, honest toffee.

They capitulated. Peter, or perhaps it was Michael, said: "Have you got a swimming suit? Last one in the water's a softie."

I met Mrs. Whitman at dinner. I was late. When I came to dress, the sleeves of my dinner-jacket had been knotted together, my tie had been decorated with lavender polka dots, and there was a live crab in the toe of each shoe.

The twins had dined early. I locked their door before I went down, and my own, and put the two keys in my pocket.

This was Nancy's birthday, and as a treat for her Mr. and Mrs. Whitman had invited a dozen of their own friends to dinner. Nancy, in a strapless white evening dress, I scarcely recognised. The nice-looking friendly kid the twins and I had swum and played tennis with had changed into a beautiful young woman, conscious of her new dignity as an adult; she was eighteen.

The guests were just beginning to arrive. Nancy was excited and happy. Each guest had a little present for her; perfume, charms for her bracelet, novelty jewellery. And each guest had a little speech.

"Goodness me, such a grown-up girl!"

"What a beauty she's become!"

"What a pretty dress, my dear! Just like a grown-up."

"How does it feel to be a grown-up?"

Their duty discharged, the guests forgot Nancy and settled down to the serious business of Martinis and have you heard the screaming story about Gladys? And who do you think we saw Archie with last night?

It was a gay and amusing dinner, like the second act of a modern comedy. As gay and amusing as that—and as long. I caught Nancy's eye several times. She, too, seemed to feel it. She was allowed to drink a glass of champagne.

When we adjourned to the drawing-room, Mr. Whitman's eye caught the clock set in a slab of moonstone over the fireplace.

"Almost eleven. Suppose we adjourn to the Casino for our brandies. They're saving me a place at the tables."

They looked about for Nancy to

say good-night. She had gone to her room. When she came back they had all gone.

Hiding her eyes from me, Nancy got out a pack of cards and we played two-handed rummy. Nancy played carelessly at first, and I won the first two games, and then she began to get interested and won three games running. She said:

"It's nice having you here. I like this much better than solitaire."

"I'm terrific," I said. "At Russian bank."

"How about Fat Anna?"

"Nothing doing. A friend of mine lost an arm playing that."

The clock struck twelve. Seeing Nancy's expression, I said:

"Oh, well. Birthdays only come once a year."

Nancy smiled. "I am glad you're here."

My bed was pied when I went upstairs; the twins' talents evidently included lock-picking. There was glue in my bedroom slippers. My tooth-powder was flavored with Epsom salts. There was a rubber spider on my pillow.

When it was time for lessons next morning my pencil had a rubber point; my fountain pen contained a live water snake. There was a wet sponge on my chair.

There were three things I could do. Punish them; but that would make me an enemy. Complain to their parents; but they would never forgive that. Or I could meet them on their own ground. That night each of them had an apple pie bed. When they opened their bathroom door, a bucket of water spilled on them. A hidden alarm clock woke them up at one o'clock; another at three; another at five.

They came back at me with a dozen new tricks. The war was on.

The last tutor had left after two days. But I knew the twins weren't malicious—they were just out for fun. They were good-hearted and attractive kids and I liked them, and I didn't think they disliked me. But if I expected any peace this summer, if I wanted to get any work out of them, I had to make them respect me. I must beat them at their own game, think up something they couldn't think up.

One afternoon while they were studying I took apart a portable radio and a house-telephone unit and rigged up a system for haunting their bedroom.

My room was next to theirs. I heard them moving round that night when they should have been in bed. I spoke through the microphone.

"Michael, get back into bed."

I heard Michael say: "Who said that?"

"That goes for you, too, Peter."

"What said that?"

The microphone said: "Look under the bed."

I heard them scrambling about.

"Not that bed; the other one."

More scrambling.

"Try the cupboard . . . the window seat . . . behind the curtains."

Jiggers, here comes Mr. Graham!"

I opened the door. "What's all this noise in here? What are you two doing out of bed?"

I kept it up for three days. They tore the whole room apart looking for a clue. Finally, on the fourth day, they gave up and came to me. I unscrewed the head of their shower and showed them how I had run the wire through the pipe and set the microphone in the bend, so that the flare of the spout would act as an amplifier. They took their showers at the swimming pool, so I'd know they wouldn't be using this.

That did the trick. From now on we were partners. We spent the afternoon transferring the haunter to Nancy's room.

The second night I used it on Nancy. I thought it might be fun to pretend the voice was an unknown admirer who was able to transmit his thoughts through the air. I started out in a sugary voice:

"Hello, darling."

I almost jumped out of bed when a voice said, right beside my ear:

"Hello, dear."

I couldn't really have heard it. I went on:

"I'm lying in bed, unable to sleep for thinking about you, wondering if by some happy miracle the air might be able to transmit my thoughts to you . . ."

"Go on," the voice in my ear said.

"You interest me strangely."

I said: "You rat! How did you find out? How did you do it?"

"I was saying—"

"I was saying you're a cleverer girl than I thought you were."

"Don't change the subject."

"If the kids hear of this, my name's Mud."

"That's a useful suggestion. I might blackmail you."

"What would you like me to do?"

"Are you very sleepy?"

"Not particularly. Why?"

"How about a swim? There's a full moon."

"Fine. Meet you in five minutes at the pool."

They were good kids, all three of them; we had a good time together. We generally spent the morning doing the twins' lessons. The boys had quick, curious minds, and they learned quickly once they began to co-operate with me.

When Mr. Whitman found out that I could sail, he hired a boat for the boys, and in the afternoons it showed them how to handle it. It increased their respect for me that I could play a decent game of tennis and handle a boat. They transferred to me the affection that would ordinarily have gone to their parents.

I don't mean to suggest that Mr. and Mrs. Whitman were ogres. The children had all the advantages; they were given everything they asked for. But interest and understanding are something you can't have for the asking. Mr. and Mrs. Whitman had their own interests. The twins, fortunately, had each other. And Nancy—

Nancy, of course, should have been spending the summer at home with her own friends. As it was, finding no friends her own age, she spent most of her time with the twins and me. She made a fourth at tennis; she swam with us, sailed with us, went on the drives we took up and down the coast. For myself, it was an ideal arrangement. The days she wasn't with us seemed somehow twice as long. But for Nancy—well, this is what happened.

We were sailing one afternoon, and Nancy had the tiller. She was telling us about a man she had met the day before, when she had run into some friends of her mother's on the Croquette. An Italian count; super-handsome, black moustache, monocle. He had kissed Nancy's hand when they were introduced.

Nancy had never met a count before. She was very impressed.

"Sounds like a fool," Michael said, bending his fingers in the shape of a monocle.

Peter elaborately kissed Michael's bare foot. "Call me County," he said.

"All right," Nancy said. "Wait until you see him. He promised—"

She wasn't watching her course; she was making straight for a bell buoy. I shouted to her, "Come about!"

Nancy set her jaw; she would show me.

She would also wreck the boat. I jumped across and jerked the tiller away from her and came about, and we missed the buoy by the width of a cigarette paper. Nancy was sitting there, her mouth sullen, rubbing her wrist where I had wrenched it.

I said, "Sorry if I hurt you. But when I say come about I mean come about."

Nancy flared up. "Whose boat is this? Yours or ours?"

"I'm skipper. If anything happens, I'm responsible."

"You're also omnipotent, apparently," she said. "It's all very well to order the boys about. But do you think I'm a child, too, that I have to do everything you tell me?"

I didn't argue with her. I said: "Michael, you take the tiller. Peter, you take the jib sheets. We'll put back now."

Nancy went up forward and sulked. I was upset. I wanted to apologise; I wouldn't have talked like that if she hadn't frightened me. But I couldn't apologise in front of the boys without undoing everything I had taught them about sailing.

Nancy continued to sulk, and I felt worse than there was any reason for. Or perhaps it was suddenly understanding the reason that upset me. We tacked back into the harbor, tied up at our buoy, and rowed ashore.

There was a teahouse on the quayside where we always stopped for ices before we drove home. At first Nancy said she wouldn't have anything, but finally she compromised on a double peach sundae and I began to feel better.

The boys had some sea-shells they had picked up earlier. They also had a home-made magnifier—a long cylinder with an arrangement of lenses inside—that they were looking at the shells through, holding one end of the tube against the eye-socket, like a telescope. They would look at one of the shells and then exclaim aloud in exaggerated wonderment.

It was pointed, of course, towards Nancy; they were waiting for her to break down and ask to look. She held out for three minutes, and then said: "Let me look."

Michael gave her the glass. She didn't notice that he turned it about when he handed it to her. She put her eye against the black velvet eyepiece and looked at a shell.

"Is that all? It's just a magnifying glass." When she straightened up, there was a ring of soot round her eye socket. The boys had looked through the other end.

The boys didn't let on. The joke would be when she got home and found out, and wondered how long ago it happened. I called for the bill, and we were just leaving when a man came in the door, and Nancy whispered excitedly, "There he is."

"Who?"

"Count Rapallo. The man I was telling you about."

The count recognised her. Nancy was right; he was a handsome chap, if you go for that Latin type. About forty and trying to look thirty; and I'd have bet a month's salary that he wore a corset.

"Ah, Miss Whitman! What a delightful pleasure to see you again!" He saw her eye and straightened from his hand-kissing stoop. "My dear young lady, whatever happened? Poverina. You've had an accident."

Nancy's eyebrows went up.

"Accident?"

"Your eye. So bruised."

Nancy turned to look in the wall mirror. She gingerly touched her eye with her finger. A smear of soot detached itself.

We burst out laughing then, the three of us; we couldn't keep it in any longer. Nancy'd been working so hard to be grown-up and worldly, and the count was so comically bewildered.

Nancy took one more horrified look into the mirror, then into the count's handsome gaping face, then rushed outside, vigorously rubbing away the soot. I followed her.

"Nancy."

"I DON'T want to speak to you!" She kept her back to me, and there were tears in her voice.

"Where's your sense of humor?"

"I suppose you think that was funny. Embarrassing me like that in front of—all of those people. What must he think of me?"

"What do you care? You'll never see him again."

"That's just it. He promised yesterday to call. The first attractive man I meet all the summer, and you humiliate me in front of him!"

"Why blame me?"

"You probably put them up to it. You encourage them in their idiotic tricks; you teach them new ones. Well," she said, throwing out her chin, "I've had enough of it. I won't take orders from you or anybody else. From now on you can play your tricks on each other. I refuse to waste my whole summer playing childish games with two children and their paid conjurer."

That stopped me, that last phrase; that hit below the belt. There wasn't any answer to that. I stood there watching her get into the shooting brake and drive off.

I was good and wild. The twins were good and wild, for they knew that Nancy had hurt me. And Nancy was good and wild. She stuck to what she said; our foursome became a threesome. No more tricks were played on Nancy. The twins avoided her like the plague. We went to work seriously on the twins' tennis, their diving, their sailing. In the back of our minds, all that was pointed towards Nancy. We were going to show her how much better things went without her.

The day after the incident at the teahouse, the twins reported that a box of roses had arrived for Nancy.

"From that count. There was a black crown on the card. He's coming this afternoon to call."

It was about a week later that I first heard Nancy sneaking out at night. When I got down to breakfast the next morning the twins were arguing about the make of the count's car that had waited up the road for her. Her parents wouldn't have objected, probably, if she'd gone out with him openly; but I suppose it was more romantic this way. The car, by the way, the twins found out, was borrowed.

Please turn to page 36

## The Secret of LUXURIANT HAIR



How often have you envied the thick, glossy, sparkling hair that is the pride of some girls? How often has your own dull, lifeless, "mousy" hair distracted you as you struggle to get it looking nice for that appointment?

Don't think you must put up with "ordinary" hair or ugly dandruff flakes. The secret of rich, luxuriant locks is simple—Crystolis vitalising treatment! Begin to-night to massage fragrant Crystolis Rapid into your scalp. Tingling, deep-penetrating Crystolis acts three ways to beautify your hair . . . it cleanses and refreshes; it destroys dandruff and tones up the scalp; it

checks falling hair and stimulates new, vigorous hair growth. Act now to give your hair rich, glowing lustre, to develop strong, luxuriant growth—shimmering with the "life" and sparkle of perfect health. Ask your chemist, store or hairdresser for Crystolis Rapid to-day, and start the Crystolis vitalising treatment to-night.

### CRYSTOLIS Rapid

Recognised as World's most effective Scalp Treatment and Aid to Hair Growth.  
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Dandruff plugs clogging pores of scalp, causing weakened and diseased growth.

Clean, healthy pores, free from dandruff plugs permit growth of thick, healthy hair.



Thanks to Steedman's! Baby cuts teeth easily when habits are kept regular and the bloodstream cool by using Steedman's Powders. For over 100 years mothers have relied upon them—the safe aperient up to 14 years.

"Hints to Mothers" Booklet posted free on request.

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## SUPERFLUOUS HAIRS—

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### "VANIX"

by the use of which superfluous hairs can be permanently destroyed. "VANIX," which is simple and pleasant to use and harmless to the skin, is now available to the women of Australia. Price 5/9 (posted 6/1) from Hallam Pty. Ltd., 210 George St., Sydney, and all 12 Branches: Swift's Pharmacy, 373 Ltd. Collins St., Melb.; The River Importers, Bourke St., Melb.; C. A. Edwards, 228 Edwards St., Brisbane; and Birks Chemists Ltd., 25 Rundle St., Adelaide.

## Must whole house be open to young children?

WE should allow our children the freedom and comfort of playing inside the house (Daphne Skehan, 10/5/41).

They can be taught to use furniture without abusing it, and, if possible, a verandah or room should be made suitable for a playroom with cupboards for toys.

As we go in for more elaborate furniture, our houses look less like real homes, which should be one place where we can all feel at ease. Memories of a happy home atmosphere in childhood remain with us throughout life and have a lasting effect on our character and on the respect we have for our parents.

Mrs. J. R. Smith, 25 Stanley St., Randwick, N.S.W.

## Belong to family

CHILDREN should be allowed to share in all the comforts of the home.

It makes me angry to see parents treat their children as if they did not belong to the family at all.

If children are rightly brought up they will have perfect freedom in their home, and will appreciate their place in it.

E. Collins, c/o Mrs. J. Bathman, 126 Cardigan St., Carlton, Vic.

## Gives social poise

PARENTS who banish children from the house are certainly storing up trouble for themselves later on. It stands to reason that they will not be able to maintain their dictatorship beyond a certain age, when the time comes to give the children freedom of the home.

Teach them to be careful and



Not allowed play inside.

respect their home by all means, but give them the opportunity of becoming familiar with all portions of the house. Another thing parents may have to guard against in this regard is a pronounced inferiority complex later on, and an awkwardness in finding comfort and poise in rooms which had previously been forbidden.

Mrs. H. Basile, No. 4 Flat, Clifton, Blue's Point Rd. and Mitchell St., North Sydney.

## TAKE CITY TO BUSH

WHY do so few farmers build the bungalow type of house? With its cool verandahs, low, spreading roof and wide windows it seems ideal for the Australian climate.

Yet so many country homes could have been lifted overnight from any suburban street.

Their steep, narrow roofs send less rain into tanks, their small front verandahs or porches give little shelter.

They are probably cheaper to build and easier to add to, but never seem to fit into their environment.

Mrs. J. S. Waters, 612 Neil St., Ballarat, Vic.

## LEARN CONFIDENCE

BECAUSE I do not allow my son, aged 4 years, to roam the streets, people are of the opinion that I am not allowing him to have confidence in himself.

I have explained the danger of cars and trams, and could trust him to cross a road, but I still cannot see why he has to turn the street into a playground in order to obtain confidence.

Mrs. J. Hay, 112 Cabarita Rd., Cabarita, via Concord, N.S.W.

## RIGHT AGE TO MARRY

GIRLS should not be married until they are at least 23 years of age. Everywhere one looks one sees miserable young mothers trying to manage noisy, unruly children.

After a girl has gone to school till she has reached the age of 16 or 17, I think she is foolish if she leaves her secure position for an uncertain married life.

When she is married she does not get much entertainment, and hence she should remain single as long as possible.

Miss E. Stevenson, 100 Derby St., Rockhampton, Qld.

## CULTIVATE SILENCE

AFTER one has settled down to a quiet evening with a book it is most annoying when friends "drop in."

It would be better if they notified their intended visit.

Company is essential, but there are times when we prefer to be alone.

More people should appreciate the value of silence.

Mrs. E. Good, 1 Clyde St., Parkside, S.A.

## Home influence is best education

HOW many people send their children to school, pay for sundry text-books, and consider the education question is answered!

True, our schools are doing a difficult job well, but home, not the school, is the basis of education.

Stories of lads rising from the slums to greatness make fine reading, but a wise, sacrificing parent is usually in the background.

Proper home training by precept and example is the heritage of every young democrat.

How many parents unwittingly deny it to them!

21 for this letter to Mrs. A. E. Oswin, Box 30, Ayr, Nth. Qld.

## Has modern age time for any superstition?

THERE is no such thing as bad luck, and it is amazing that in this modern age there are still people enslaved to superstition (J. Bruce, 10/5/41).

If people would reconcile themselves to taking what comes, good or bad, and making the best of it, there would be more contented people.

Mrs. Grace Newell, 4A Liverpool St., Rose Bay, N.S.W.

## Quite harmless

SUPERSTITIONS are not what they used to be.

The superstitions of the "Dark Ages" were carried to extremes, but those of to-day are very harmless.

I am not very superstitious, but I would not walk under a ladder. Yet I do not believe, like most people, that something as ordinary as a black cat could bring me luck.

Miss Noel M. Wise, Clifton, Box 21, Ararat, Vic.

## Just coincidence

COINCIDENCE has a lot to do with the carrying on of harmless "hocus-poens," as it is called.

I will not turn a mattress or cut my nails on a Friday. It may be only coincidence that when I do so the bed is used for sickness within the week, or I have an accident before I can cut my nails again.

Let us keep our little superstitious fancies and put on our lucky dresses if it pleases us.

Mrs. D. Blair, Alderley Ave., Alderley NW2, Brisbane.

Through this page you can share your opinions. Write briefly, giving your views on any topical or controversial subject. Pen names are not permitted and letters must be original.

For the best letter published each week we award £1 and 2/6 for others. Address "So They Say," The Australian Women's Weekly. Enclose stamped envelope if unused letter is to be returned.

## GOOD HEALTH IN ONE MINUTE

Isn't it strange to think that in one minute you could feel well, instead of feeling fatigued, nervy, run-down, aged, as you do now! Strange—but true! All you need is WINCARNIS, the natural tonic for fortifying the brain, heart and nerves. Over 25,000 recommendations from medical men testify to the value of WINCARNIS. Blended of choice wines, enriched with nourishing extracts and essential vitamins, WINCARNIS acts at once—the first glass makes you feel better. Get a bottle to-day from your chemist—it will soon put you on the road to health and strength.

## THAT HOLIDAY RUSH

WHY do women, especially mothers, rush around and try to do several days' work in one if they happen to be going away for a day, a week-end, or a short holiday?

Yet if they meet with an accident and are obliged to take a rest house-hold affairs go along much as usual.

No one ever dies from the want of a meal if mother is unable to cook it for them.

Mrs. M. Nuttall, 79 Shakespeare St., Mt. Hawthorn, W.A.

## PAY HOSPITAL FEES

WHEN a relative or friend is in hospital it is the custom to take flowers, fruit, magazines, and books to the patient.

Why should not each friend pay the invalid's hospital bill for one day by arrangement with the authorities?

That would be a gift that would be preferable, because many people come out to find themselves faced with difficulty in paying the account.

Miss G. McCure, Altona, Ararat, Vic.

## FEAR RIDICULE

ONE of the most common forms of hypocrisy nowadays is the pretence of liking things just because it is the fashion to like them.

We read a best-seller, and although we may think it a coarse, sordid book, we cull our criticisms from literary reviews, saying "such a charming book—so realistic."

We are probably impelled to do this by a fear of ridicule which is present in most of us. But let us be simple and honest, and state our opinions fearlessly.

L. W. Andersen, Box 104, P.O., Bundaberg, Qld.

## MEET TOO OFTEN

WHY aren't all women more honest with each other? If they admitted that, by visiting and returning visits every week, they are running the risk of boring each other, there would be more chance of friendships surviving for life.

Six or eight weeks should be allowed to elapse before friends re-meet, so that new topics of conversation will have arisen, which will save the visit from degenerating into a mere idle exchange of gossip.

Eve Merritt, 10 Cambridge Flats, Bourke and Liverpool Sts., Darlinghurst, N.S.W.

## Should supper be placed on banned list?

BETTER to have something to eat before going to bed than to be sleepless because of hunger (Mrs. Davidson, 10/5/41).

In countries where dinner is taken as late as 10.30 p.m. everyone does not stay up till the very early hours because they have eaten so late.

A light, nourishing supper can be very helpful to nervy, tired people, and it is only those who overeat who can expect indigestion and nightmares.

Jean Perry, Anzac Highway, Glenelg, S.A.

## Rest digestion

LATE suppers are not only unnecessary, but also unhealthy. Periodically throughout the day we eat, so that our digestive organs are allowed to have no rest except at night, and when we eat before retiring they are deprived even of that.

The night is made for rest, and this means that our entire bodies are intended to remain undisturbed. Besides, the benefit gained is negligible, and so the partaking of late suppers can only be classed as another of our useless habits.

Betty Ainsworth, Lewis St., Mudgee Stn., N.S.W.

## Often necessary

SOME sort of light meal before going to bed is often a necessity these days.

Those of us who have war work jobs at night sometimes do not have time for a large dinner in between.



Enjoy a light meal.

leaving town and going on to our respective auxiliaries.

To have sandwiches, milk, tea or fruit drink when we get home is helpful.

Huge elaborate suppers are quite out of date. We do not expect hostesses to provide them, and we certainly do not prepare them for ourselves.

Mrs. J. Turner, Glenferrie Rd., Hawthorn, Vic.

## SORRY-BUT YOU'RE WRONG



HOW'S THE WIFE TO-DAY, CHIEF?



JOHN, MOTHER'S CUT HERSELF! NOT BETWEEN THE FIRST FINGER AND THE THUMB?



THE ELEVATOR IS NOT A MODERN INVENTION. NERO HAD ONE 120 FEET HIGH!



CUTTING THE TENDON BETWEEN THE FIRST FINGER AND THUMB IS NOT THE ONLY WAY OF CAUSING TETANUS (LOCKJAW)



MOVIES ARE NOT MODERN IN ANCIENT GREECE. PICTURES WERE PAINTED ON A POLE WHICH WAS SPUN BY ROPE TO GIVE MOVEMENT.



INDIGESTION IS NOT NECESSARILY CAUSED BY QUICK EATING.

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# W

HAT made me wildest, as Nancy saw more and more of Rapallo, was knowing that if there were anybody else about, people her own age, she never would have looked at him twice; if it hadn't been for that afternoon at the tea-shop, she probably never would have seen or thought about him again. But a thing can start like that, out of pique, and then grow into something important. He gave her what she wanted. He flattered her; he treated her like a grown-up.

So that night when I saw her go out, and a minute later heard the count's car start up, I told myself it was none of my business and went back to bed. But I did not go to sleep. I lay there thinking round and round in the same old circle. I would think about it, and the longer I thought the wilder I would get.

I don't know how long I lay there, turning it over and over, wider awake every minute. Finally I realised I had to do something if I ever wanted to get to sleep, and I pulled on a bathrobe and walked down to the pool for a swim. I swam for half an hour, as hard as I could, until my bones ached, until every muscle was worn out. I rubbed myself down and started up to the house.

I didn't hear her. The first I knew was when I ran smack into Nancy coming up the path from the front gate.

"Well!" She was furious. "This is the last straw. Spying on me!"

I was relaxed from my swim—my will as well as my body. An overwhelming impulse came to me to say "I love you." But, instead, I said: "A pretty sight, I must say. Is he afraid to drive you to the door?"

"Have you been waiting here,"

she said, "hiding in the bushes ever since I left?"

"I've been for a swim," I said, "if you care to know. It's nothing to me if you sneak home from heaven knows where at three o'clock in the morning."

"We were at the Martinez Hotel," she said. "Dancing. Not that it's any of your business."

"You and your fake count?" Nancy snapped. "He's not a fake. He belongs to one of the oldest families in Europe."

"I don't know about his family tree, but I can tell a fake when I see one."

"You're impossible," she said, and started up the path.

"Wait," I changed my tone. "Nancy, I hadn't meant to bring this up—I'd promised myself not to. But now that it's come up, we may as well have it out. You don't realise what you're doing. You're riding for an awful fall. This isn't one of your friends at home, a nice, clean, young Public School boy."

"Are you implying that—?"

"I'm not implying anything. But I wonder if you realise what you're implying to your count. This isn't England, you know. In this country, when a young unmarried girl goes out alone at night with a man—much worse, when she sneaks out of the house to do it—that means only one thing to the man. Especially to a man like him."

Nancy drew herself up.

"Before you go any further with your insults, you may be interested to know that Count Rapallo has asked me to marry him. He's coming to-morrow to speak to father."

"You little fool!" I said. "Don't you see he just wants to marry you for your—?" Then I saw her

# The Count Came To Call

Continued from page 34

eyes, and stopped myself. Slowly, painfully, it was coming through. "You mean—you mean you're in love with him?"

"Yes," she set her chin. "Yes, I'm in love with him. And he's in love with me. You wouldn't know about a thing like that."

"Wouldn't I? I thought. There was nothing to be said except: 'I'm sorry, Nancy. I wouldn't have said all this if I'd realised. You're right—it's none of my business, and I should have stayed out of it.'"

I turned to leave. "Roger," she said, "before you go. Let's be friends, the way it was at first. Won't you shake my hand and wish me luck? And be nice to Giorgio to-morrow, for my sake?"

I gave the twins a serious talk after lessons the next morning.

"Look, you two. I want to ask you a favor. Nancy's having a guest for lunch to-day."

"You're telling us," they said. "We know. The count."

"I want you to promise me—no tricks."

"What's he coming for?"

"That's Nancy's affair, not ours."

"We know, don't we, Michael?"

"Rath—er. He's coming to ask father can he marry Nancy."

I said: "How did you find that out?"

"How did you?"

"She told me last night. But I'll bet my shirt she didn't tell you."

"Praps she didn't exactly tell us."

The other said: "Well, that's one way of getting rid of Nancy."

"That's a nice thing," I said, "to say about your sister."

"We thought you were wild with her."

"I was. But I'm not any more."

"See?" Michael said to Peter. "I told you it was only an act."

"Why don't you marry her?" Peter said. "Then you could live with us all the time."

"Do you mean," Michael said, "that if she marries the count, then he'll live with us? Kissing hands all the time? Roger, you marry her, please!"

"She likes you. After you shouted at her that day in the boat, she cried herself to sleep," Peter said.

"How do you know?"

"We heard her. And she stole that snap we took of you."

"That's enough of this," I said.

"She's in love with Giorgio Rapallo. She told me so herself. And I'm asking you, as a special favor to me, to lay off him to-day. For once in your life, show a little consideration for your sister."

## W

HEN the twins came down for lunch their father took one look at them and said: "What's the matter? Are you boys ill?"

They were wearing freshly laundered white suits. Their faces were scrubbed. Their fingernails were spotless. Their hair was smooth.

They bowed politely to the count.

"How do you do, Count Rapallo?"

While we drank our Dubonnets they sat quietly in their chairs, with no fidgeting. Nancy, too, couldn't believe her eyes. She took me aside as we adjourned to the dining-room to whisper: "Thank you, Roger. I knew you'd help."

Mrs. Whitman sat at one end of the table, Mr. Whitman at the other; the count at Mrs. Whitman's right, Nancy beside him at her father's left; myself between the twins opposite. The count was immaculately dressed in one of those green silk suits they evidently throw in free when you buy a green shirt in Italy. His tie was a deeper shade of green; his socks were olive; his shoes were green suede.

He ceremoniously bowed Mrs. Whitman into her chair, then Nancy, then took his own. As he squatted there was an ominous sound of ripping. The count straightened; he lowered himself more carefully. Again the ripping. The count, delicately using the hand away from his hostess, tested the seam of his trousers. They appeared intact, but the noise of ripping continued until he was firmly in his chair. The count wiped a bead of perspiration from his brow with his green-bordered handkerchief. I took a quick look at the twins. Their faces were anglic.

The count still uncomfortably warm, took a drink of water. A thin stream trickled down his neck. He apologised to Mrs. Whitman. "So clumsy of me."

The count began his consomme.

All went well until the last sip. He started; the cup slipped from his fingers, smashed itself against the saucer. Mrs. Whitman looked up.

"Fortunately," she said graciously, "it's a stock pattern."

The count politely refrained from explaining that he had found a dead fly in the bottom of his cup. He didn't know that it was made of rubber, but I did, gave the twins a warning glare; and I saw that Nancy was scowling at them, too.

The entrees had been passed. The count was glancing strangely at his plate. It was rocking gently to and fro. I reached under the table for the rubber bulb one of the twins must be manipulating, but I couldn't reach it. The count removed his monocle, polished it with his handkerchief, replaced it. He took up his knife to cut his meat. As he pressed down, the knife bent back to a sixty-degree angle.

The count quickly concealed the knife under his napkin, glancing down to see whether Mrs. Whitman had noticed that he was despoiling her silverware. Guiltily he worked to bend it back into shape. Nancy was scowling more deeply; the twins were blank.

The count wiped his brow again. Mr. Whitman said: "Michael, what are you doing under the table?"

Michael came up. "Dropped my napkin, sir."

## A

MINUTE later the count began to squirm. You might have thought a colony of ants had run up his trouser leg—as no doubt they had.

There were bright spots of anger on Nancy's cheeks as she glared across the table at her brothers.

The count was chewing on a roll. He chewed, and chewed. Then he sheepishly set the roll back on his plate, hoping Mrs. Whitman's household pride wouldn't be offended. The roll was a good imitation; anyone not knowing the twins would never have suspected it was rubber. Mrs. Whitman was watching the count, more and more puzzled by his strange behaviour. Mr. Whitman said: "Peter, now what are you doing under the table?"

"Dropped my napkin, sir."

"Seems to me there's a good deal of napkin dropping at this table. Not to mention—he glanced significantly at Count Rapallo—"not to mention other somewhat strange goings-on."

The count flushed and reached for his wineglass. This time it was a red stream that ran down his tie.

Mrs. Whitman said, "How unfortunate! Your pretty tie!"

"I'm afraid I've stained your cloth, too." It was her best cloth, and Mrs. Whitman's smile was a bit on the stiff side.

I knew from experience that dribble glasses are only the beginning; under the table I pinched both the twins. They said together, "Ouch!"

Their mother looked up. "What's the matter?"

"Somebody pinched us. It seemed to come from across the table."

Mrs. Whitman glared at the count. His expression was a mixture of embarrassment and bewilderment. He dabbed his forehead with his napkin—it was yellow linen—and a series of bright yellow smudges appeared on his perspiring face. He took another drink from his water glass. Another dribble down his front. Mrs. Whitman was watching him in growing perplexity.

The maids had brought in the sweet; ice-cream with chocolate sauce. When the count lifted his spoon, it bent back double. Mr. Whitman was grinning now. To cover it up, he looked away. Michael's head had disappeared again.

"Will you boys stay in your seats?"

"Sorry, sir. Napkin again."

Mrs. Whitman said, "I must say, this is a very curious luncheon party." She glanced at Nancy as though to ask, "Does your friend always carry on like this at meals?"

The count had found a safe spoon. He beamed with pleasure upon his sweet; it was evidently a favorite of his. He loaded his spoon, raised it to his mouth.

He coughed violently, dropped his spoon, hid his face behind his napkin. Mrs. Whitman, suspecting disaster in the kitchen, sampled her own ice, then shrugged her shoulders. These foreigners! If she had looked more closely, she might have noticed that the count's chocolate sauce was half a shade lighter than ours—pure syrup of figs.

# A

MAN'S last resource is a cigarette. The count took a cigarette from the crystal container by his place. He lighted it, inhaled deeply. His face lost the better part of its redness, if it couldn't lose its yellow spots. He inhaled again—again, with growing confidence.

There was a sudden explosion. My eyes, fearing the worst, jumped to the count. He was no longer smoking. A few wisps of blackened tobacco dripped from his lips.

Mr. Whitman had given up. He was doubled up with laughter. The twins let go, too, forgiven by their father's laughter. And even Nancy, at last. You couldn't look at that outraged speckled face without laughing.

The count had had enough. More than enough. He collected the shattered remnants of his dignity and pushed back his chair. "I have always heard that all English are insane. Now I know it. I shall never set foot in this house again." He turned his indignant back on us and stalked towards the door.

And then I discovered why the twins had dropped their napkins so often. They had tied a corner of the tablecloth to the count's shoelace. Count Rapallo did not leave alone. The tablecloth followed him. The entire luncheon service crashed to the tiled floor.

I found Nancy outside on the terrace.

"Are you angry?"

"She wouldn't answer."

"I had nothing to do with it. Honestly."

"She didn't answer."

"I made them promise not to. But I'm glad it happened. You weren't really in love with him. It was just growing pains."

No answer; she kept her back to me.

"It was funny. Even you thought so, didn't you? You were laughing at the end. It's more fun to laugh than to be grown-up, don't you think?"

She turned then. And her eyes weren't angry; they were soft and forgiving and inviting.

Her silence, too, was an invitation. I came closer to kiss her.

A stream of cold water splashed into my face. The reason she hadn't spoken was because she had filled her mouth with iced water before she left the table.

There were whispered voices in an upstairs window.

Michael: "A tanner he gives her a licking."

Peter: "A tanner he kisses her."

And then, a minute later:

Michael: "See? Pay up!"

Another minute.

"Here—give me back that tanner!"

(Copyright)

## MY BOY A COWARD?



SMALL BOYS: "Cowardly Custard Johnnie! Cowardly Custard Johnnie!"

HUSBAND: "Did you hear that?"

WIFE: "Those boys are always picking on him. It isn't fair!"



HUSBAND: "The kid's got no life in him. I never thought he'd turn out to be a coward!"

WIFE: "Fred, don't say that! He isn't well . . . so pale and thin. I'm taking him along to see Dr. Reynolds."



DOCTOR: "Mrs. Martin, young Johnnie's a rather nervous type of child. These troubles of his are really due to his sleep. You see, children grow during sleep. This uses up their energy. Heartbeats and breathing at night also use up energy. Naturally, if energy isn't replaced during sleep, children get run down, pale, thin—just pick at their food. Put Johnnie on to Horlicks."



WIFE: "Well, you can't call him a cowardly custard now!"

HUSBAND: "Darling, it's amazing! He's a regular tiger!"

Priced from 1/6; economy size, 2/9. Special pack with mixer, 2/-

**HORLICKS**

GUARDS CHILDREN AGAINST NIGHT STARVATION

## CRUEL BURNS SOOTHED AND HEALED



A week ago I severely burnt my hand with boiling fat. I thought I should faint with the agony. At once I felt relief . . .

Gradually the stinging pain grew less. When I changed the bandages at night I was amazed to find the wound healing so quickly. Last night, my sister remarked: "Good heavens Betty, there's hardly a trace of your burn to be seen. That Rexona Ointment must be a wonderful healer."

**Rexona OINTMENT**

# WRITTEN IN THE STARS

## ASTROLOGY BY JUNE MARSDEN

**Geminians—**people born between May 22 and June 22—now come into the astrological picture.

THE time is propitious, too, and they should strive immediately to achieve some of their hopes and ambitions.

They should start new ventures or make changes and in one way or another try to advance their affairs.

At the same time they must make a really serious effort to learn to concentrate. Most Geminians lack this essential to success and happiness, and thus give the impression of unreliability and restlessness.

Geminians who eliminate this element of unreliability have won one of the biggest battles of life, and thereafter are capable of greater success.

Unfortunately, there are very few of this type in existence outside those who develop concentration only after they have grown old in years and experience and can look back and see how much their weakness has cost them.

Mothers of Geminians who systematically train their children to be steadfast and reliable, and to concentrate and give attention to detail, will be bestowing on them some of the biggest gifts in life.

Generally Geminians are quick-witted (sometimes really brilliant) but inclined to skip over basic details. The result is that they land big positions which only too often they cannot hold on to because of the lack of practical ability to back up their mental alertness.

### The Daily Diary

UTILISE the following information in your daily affairs. It should prove interesting.

**ARIES** (March 21 to April 21): May 31 and June 1 should prove moderately productive and helpful for most Arians. Based work and optimism can be indulged with expectations of fair success.

**TAURUS** (April 21 to May 21): Just a week of days for most Taurians. However, June 2, 3, and 4 (morning only) should produce moderate benefits, especially from matters started in weeks past. Otherwise, concentrate on consolidating past gains.

**GEMINI** (May 22 to June 22): Now is the time to get busy seeking promotion, financial gains, favors, new ventures, and changes. Make the most of June 4 (after 3 p.m.), 5, and 6 (daylight hours). May 21 and June 1 also fair. Work hard and try to put wise and constructive plans into operation then.

**CANCER** (June 23 to July 23): Plan for the near future, and get all outstanding matters under control so that you'll be ready to act when the time comes. Meanwhile June 6 (after 4.30 p.m.) and 7 are moderately helpful.

**LEO** (July 24 to August 24): A moderately helpful week ahead, especially if you utilize the radiations of May 31 and June 1 in semi-important matters. Avoid over-confidence.

**VIRGO** (August 25 to September 23): Keep on guard against difficulties, delays, worries, obstacles, and general annoyances. You may find these dominating your affairs if you are not cautious now. Be particularly wise on June 3, 4, and 5.

**LIBRA** (September 24 to October 24): Get busy seeking promotion, favors, gains, and other beneficial conditions. The stars favor most Librans and advancement can be realized by the wise and diligent, especially on June 4 (after noon), 5, and 6.

**SCORPIO** (October 25 to November 23): An unspectacular time for most Scorpions, but a good time to concentrate on routine and outstanding matters and to get things in order against the better days ahead. Make plans for the near future. Meanwhile June 6 (after 4 p.m.) and 7 fair.

**SAGITTARIUS** (November 24 to December 23): Keep your eyes open for trouble at this time. Losses, partings, oppositions, disappointments, and general dissatisfaction can dominate your affairs if you are unwary, especially on June 3, 4, and 5.

**CAPRICORN** (December 24 to January 20): Consolidate any gains made recently and keep to routine affairs. An unspectacular time for most Capricornians. June 2, 3, and 4 (morning only) just helpful.

**AQUARIUS** (January 21 to February 19): Don't waste time now. Your recent difficult affairs seem to go more smoothly now and modest opportunities will come your way. Seek promotion or other benefits. Work hard and wisely on June 4 (after 3 p.m.), 5, and 6 (until 4 p.m.). May 31, June 1, June 6 (late) poor.

**PISCES** (February 20 to March 21): Take things quietly now, and keep to routine tasks. Over-confidence or carelessness will probably result in difficulties and worries, especially on June 2, 3, and 4. Plan for the near future when things can greatly improve.

(The Australian Women's Weekly presents this series of articles on astrology as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in them. June Marsden regrets that she is unable to answer any letters.—Editor, A.W.W.)

# Mandrake the Magician



**MANDRAKE:** Master magician, with **LOTHAR:** His giant Nubian servant, has been asked by

**DR. WHITE:** Of the Orient Museum, to help in the solving of the mystery of a Walking Mummy which is said to haunt the museum at night. The only person claiming to have seen it is

**OLD RUFUS:** The night watchman. His story is disbelieved by **MR. BENDAR:** The assistant curator, who rudely tells Mandrake he does not want any strangers trying to solve the mystery. With Lothar and **SONNY WHITE:** Daughter of Dr. White, Mandrake enters the museum one night. NOW READ ON!



## NIGHT IN THE MUSEUM.



MEANWHILE, SONNY, LEFT ALONE WITH HER CAMERA--

TO BE CONTINUED.

MANDRAKE BOOK No. 2 ... Now on sale at all newsagents ... DON'T MISS IT!

[ADVERTISEMENT]



# Over the garden fence



"GOOD MORNING, Mrs. Holiday," a friend greeted me as I was walking down for my bus one rainy Monday morning, "nice day for a big wash!"

"I'm glad to see you don't look too down in the mouth about it, anyway," I commented.

"Well, Mrs. Holiday," she went on, "I always remember my mother saying it's a bad housewife who can't change her day's routine when something unforeseen turns up!"

Although I agreed with her philosophy, it isn't everyone who can switch her washday at a moment's notice and I, for one, think it just as well to be prepared for the inevitable rainy washday! For instance, it's a good idea to get your husband to fix up some permanent lines in your laundry (or even to screw in some hooks on your verandah, ready for lines). Lines need only be about 8 inches apart.

After finishing the wash, if the rain's still tearing down, put your clothes through the wringer twice,

to squeeze out as much moisture as possible. There's no harm then in leaving the whites and boillable colours in a clothes basket for a few hours. (They'll be much safer there than in a galvanised iron tub or sink—as, if the galvanising is worn thin, clothes may become marked with iron mould.)

## Your "Fine" Wash

But please don't leave woollies, silks or dainty coloureds in a damp pile. Those that you can't put through the wringer should be rolled extra tightly in towels to remove the moisture. Then hang them on your lines or drape them round the sink in your laundry. (Jumpers, of course, should be laid flat.)

I know some people dry their woollies over the rack of a gas stove—but this is not a good idea. The heat is always much greater than you'd expect and is apt to shrink your garments.

I hope by the afternoon that the rain will have stopped so that you can get shirts and heavy things out in the air. But if you're unlucky, simply do this: When you've finished in the kitchen, spread your wash over table and chairs—anywhere, so long as you don't

leave things around in a damp mass. If you do this, I don't think you'll have any trouble with mildew—even in muggy weather.

## Mildew and Iron Mould

In case anyone ever asks you how to deal with either of these two troubles, this is what to tell them:

**MILDEW:** If caught before it's too bad, it can be removed from white linens and cottons by washing in the ordinary way with Persil. When mildew is very pronounced, treat it with a solution of Chloride of Lime. (I'm afraid there's little you can do beyond washing in Persil, if mildew has grown on your coloured things.)

**IRON MOULD:** The best way to remove iron mould in mild cases is with lemon juice. In severe cases use Oxalic Acid (though Sails of Lemon is a good substitute). Rinse the material well afterwards in clear, warm water.

## Have you an Invalid in the House?

These tips will help to make life easier for you and less tiresome for the patient:

1. If you don't happen to have a table by the bed, bring one in from another room. But first spread a piece of oil baize over the top so that wet glasses and medicine bottles won't stain the wood.

2. Most patients take a lot of liquids, so a thermos on the bedside table is a good idea! As well as keeping things hot, it keeps barley water and lemon drinks ice-cold.



3. After some complaints, such as measles, a patient's eyes can't stand strong light. So get a piece of blue paper or material (how about the paper from the cotton-wool packet?) and pin it around the electric bulb, or dab the bulb with a blue bag. It will then give a subdued, restful light.

4. Even a watch or clock ticking will sometimes worry a patient. But by simply placing a tumbler upside down over a watch or a clear glass bowl over the bedside clock, you can shut out the noise and yet the time can be seen.

5. Sometimes the bed faces the window and makes it difficult for the patient to read. You can easily overcome this by hanging a mirror at the back of the bed so that it will reflect the light on to the book.

6. Wash sick-room clothes in Persil. Its oxygen-charged suds not only cleanse thoroughly but completely purify the wash—even in water that's only just warm. This means that such things as woolly bedjackets and silk nighties are as hygienically clean as the things you boil.



1. If a poultryman tried to palm an old bird off on you, could you tell him all the answers?
2. When rolling up Betty's tussore frock to be ironed, how damp should it be?
3. Can you say, right off, the correct quantity of Persil to get that super, extra-special whiteness?
4. When hubby's navy suit gets a shine, how can you calm it down?
5. Do you know how to peel onions without weeping your heart out over them?

- ANSWERS**
1. In young poultry she feet are soft and smooth; flesh firm and thick; the end of broodiness soft and pliable.
  2. Tussil Tussore should be ironed DRY!
  3. One heaped tablespoon to every gallon of water.
  4. By brushing with a clothes brush dipped in strong blue water.
  5. Under water (the onions, of course!).

## A little dictionary of fashion

**Broderie Anglaise** (pronounced broderie anglaise)—crisp and sweetest of all organdis, embroidered in dainty eyelet hole designs. Used mainly for blouses and trimmings.

**Gilet** (pronounced jilay)—a neat-fitting little waist-coat. Nowadays usually white and sleeveless, worn as a blouse with a tailored suit.

**Lamé** (pronounced larame)—shades of days gone by—"lamés" were the plates of steel used in the armour of the bold, shining knights of old. Now only a fabric, but a very beautiful one; overlaid with a design in metal thread.

**Peplum**—once an all-covering garment worn by the ladies of Greece in Homer's day. Now a smart little flounce in the region of the hips.

**Redingote**—once an Englishman's riding coat, worn as a woman's garment of fashion in our grandmama's day—double-breasted 'n all. Now without the double-breasted effect, a redingote is a smart 'tween-season coat cut away in front, without lap-over.

**Tailleur** (pronounced tieyer)—the ever-smart, always dependable well tailored suit.

## PERVERSE PERCY



Mrs. Holiday asked Percy to illustrate. Avoiding unnecessary bending. This is what he drew.

Edited by  
**Mrs. MARY HOLIDAY**  
(the famous English washing authority)  
AND A STAFF OF EXPERTS



As part of a policy at service to their many friends, the makers of Persil present this page for your interest and entertainment. They also cordially invite you to write to the editors, Mrs. Holiday, P.O. Box 773 H, Melbourne, if you have any problem connected with washing. She will reply personally by mail or through this page.

## OUR READERS' COLUMN

### 5/- for Washday Hints

More readers who have won 5/- for their washday tips! Have you sent in yours yet? Write it down now and post to Mrs. Holiday.

**Mrs. B. Bennett,** After washing milnasee 15 Trafalgar St., Slips, dry Stannmore, N.S.W. them on a piece of string or tape, put through from neck to hem. This will prevent the usual drop and do away with any cuts made by pegs.

**Mrs. E. Langridge,** Though now 1 Auburn Street, adays there Parramatta, N.S.W. are not so many fuel coppers built in homes—for those who do possess them, I find this hint for washing day very acceptable: Fill up the copper with clean water after you've finished washing, and the heat which the copper retains will provide you with hot water for washing up, baths, etc., and save you much time and energy, as this sort of copper holds the heat for hours.

**Mrs. C. Price,** When drying Market Street, clothes indoors it Trentham, Vic. is a good idea to put blouses, dresses, shirts, etc., on coat hangers. They dry quicker this way and you can get many more clothes on the clothes horse.

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## Mother thought Anne's frock was white ...



## till she saw it against Granny's PERSIL-WASHED APRON

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P. 21.40

"WALTER SHEP-MANN was last seen at half-past ten at the bar run by Spinnelli. He was awash with whiskey. Spinnelli swears that his hip pocket housed a gun."

"Personally, I suspect a flask."

"The official mind still favors the gun. Finally, take Douglas Shep-mann: he was last seen at a quarter to eleven, running for the main exit of the Bijou, where that sea-film is playing."

"And that's your case?"

"It is, to date; and it's enough, isn't it?"

Starr admitted that it was. The whole pattern was in keeping with the Shepmann brothers' flair for the dramatic. He admitted there was no sound reason why warrants should not have been issued for their arrest. He thanked Hefferfield, and rang off.

Rejoining Eleanor, he asked, after Miss Wadsworth had left them, "Where are your brothers, Eleanor? You know, don't you?"

"Yes, I wouldn't tell the police, but I'll tell you."

"All right."

"I wired them about Milton. I got an answer just before coming here. They said, 'Let us be the first to congratulate you. They wouldn't, they couldn't have sent that sort of message if they'd shot Milton, doctor.' (Unfortunately, Starr thought, they most certainly could.) 'They're flying back.'"

"From where?"

"From New York. They took a plane at two o'clock this morning. Forstair was shot close on midnight; the brothers were last seen at eleven; their time between then and two o'clock was so far unaccounted for—more grist for Hefferfield's mill, Starr thought.

"Why did they fly to New York, Eleanor?"

"To stop the elopement, doctor."

"Of you and Milton?"

"Yes. They were so horrid about the engagement that Milton and I decided to elope and sort of get it over. They were convinced that Milton was simply marrying me for my money."

"There were others who thought that, too, Eleanor," Starr said.

"I know. I didn't care about them, but I did care about my brothers. Milton had money. He carried a balance of five thousand with the First National here in town, and one of fifteen thousand with the Orion Trust in New York."

"He told you that?"

"No, doctor. He insisted on proving it. He knew how the boys felt. He brought them certified statements from both managers."

"How did they find out about the elopement?"

"Through Douglas. He steamed open a letter I sent to Milton."

"It discussed your plans for the elopement?"

"Yes, and it mentioned the hotel where we'd stay in New York. That's where I wired them. I was to meet Milton at the airport at half-past one for the night plane. That's how I happened to be there when the boys drove in at two and chartered a plane to chase me to New York. I kept out of sight. They didn't see me."

And still, Starr thought, no alibi. The Shepmanns could well have gone to the houseboat and shot Forstair before setting out for the airport. Their subsequent flight to New York to prevent an elopement with a prospective bridegroom who was already a corpse was thoroughly in keeping with what they would have devised as a fake trail.

Eleanor's smile was suddenly gone, and her voice tightened as she said:

"I decided Milton knew the boys had found out about the elopement and that he had therefore decided to call it off. I drove back. I kept thinking on the way that possibly they'd gone to the houseboat and possibly—well, thrashed Milton."

"In that case, would they have taken a plane to New York?"

"I don't know. Not having the answer to that is what's been fright-

## Three Baleful Brothers

Continued from page 5

ening me so. Perhaps they thought I'd gone on alone."

"When did you get home?"

"About four. I put the car in the garage. I took the path along the river over to the Parth dock."

"Do the police know this?"

"No. Nobody does, doctor."

"You found Milton shot?"

"I didn't go into the cabin. I looked inside—through a porthole. I—anybody could have told he was dead."

"Did you love him, Eleanor—really?"

"I don't know. I don't know what love is. I thought I knew, but I'm no longer sure."

He said: "What's really troubling you, Eleanor?"

She took a silver cigarette-case from her bag.

"This was on the deck. I gave it to Humphrey last Christmas."

"I shall have to tell Mr. Hefferfield all this, Eleanor."

"Yes, I thought that. I wanted you to know, first, to know everything, doctor."

"I'll do everything I can."

"Does it—is it all pretty grim?"

He smiled at her gravely. "Yes, pretty grim."

The police photographs of the scene of the crime were good. One close-up of the picture showed Forstair flat on his back on the cabin deck. It was a view from the waist up, in excellent focus. The left arm was twisted and partially hidden beneath the body. The right arm was crooked, with its hand and fingers rigid, and held, through an after-death muscular contraction, about a foot away from the body.

It had then been fixed there by rigor mortis. A dark speck showed in the centre of the back of the hand. Rain started falling as Starr drove to the mortuary and viewed the body itself.

There was an insensate fury in the way it had been riddled. Starr studied the pattern of wounds. He identified the black speck in the police photograph as one where a bullet had first passed through the right hand before it had entered the chest; rigor mortis still obtained, and the line of fire of that shot was obvious. He looked at the coroner's notes, and studied the angles which the courses of the other bullets had taken.

Rain fell harder, and the sky was a murky grey as he got into his car.

again and drove to the entrance gates of the Parth's, thinking constantly of that small black dot in the line of fire.

Dr. Starr went down to the dock. He boarded the Onega II, joining Hefferfield on the afterdeck.

The attorney was pleased. He pointed to a lumped cloth on the deck and said: "We've had luck. There are two of the guns. Jock's after the third one now."

Starr watched the bullet-head and seal-like torso of a man break water and gulp air before submerging again.

He said to Hefferfield, "I want to talk to you. There's something you ought to know."

He gave a detailed resume of Eleanor Shepmann's visit. He gave Hefferfield the silver cigarette-case. He described his visit to the mortuary, and the appalling deductions he had drawn.

Hefferfield looked bleak. "I see. Another of those cases."

"I'm afraid it is."

"Look here, Colin; those guns—I mean, you can't just walk out nowadays and pick guns up."

"I've thought of that. There wasn't any need to. You saw the spy play which Forstair put on. There must have been five or six guns at least among its props."

"Of course." And Hefferfield repeated it slowly. "Of course—"

He broke off. "See that!" he said, grasping Starr's arm.

The diver appeared suddenly with the third pistol in his hand. Hefferfield took it from him and added it to the other two. Then he talked again with Starr, who spoke of traps, of one in particular that had been set to catch a thief. There was a way.

He suggested that arrangements for arresting the Shepmann brothers on their arrival at the airport be done by telephone from the Parth house, and done in a manner so that Eleanor, who was there, would know about it. He suggested that Hefferfield, from a private telephone, make five local calls. He wrote on the back of an envelope the data which should be used during the local calls. He looked at his watch. It was a quarter to one.

"Shall we go up to the house?" he said. "It's just before lunch. They ought to be together now."

## WHAT'S the ANSWER?

TEST YOUR KNOWLEDGE ON THESE QUESTIONS:

1—We'll start with a nice one for the cook. When you coddle an egg, you

Boil it very rapidly for just under three minutes—scramble it in a pan with a little milk only—let it stand in boiling water for about seven minutes—boil it hard and chop finely when cold.

2—Did you know that South Australia's Adelaide was called after The Governor of South Australia—the Queen of England—the wife of the Secretary of State for the Colonies—the Secretary of State for the Colonies?

3—Most staggering highlight of recent news was Rudolf Hess' flight to Britain. At the outbreak of war, Hitler nominated Hess his immediate successor—successor next after Goering—successor next after Goering and Goebbels.

4—A panegyric? Yes, of course, that's a

Funeral oration—ancient Greek

vehicle—speech of praise—kind of urn—nonsense.

5—Which of these towns, so prominent in the North African campaign, is — or are — in Cyrenaica.

Tobruk—Sollum—Benghazi—Derna.

6—"The greatest of faults, I should say, is to be conscious of none." Well, these are very sensible words, and they were written by

Emerson—Benjamin Franklin—Thomas Carlyle—Lord Macaulay—Abraham Lincoln.

7—In triumph lately, Emperor Haile Selassie returned to his capital, Addis Ababa, whence he had to flee in

1935—1936—1929—1938—1937.

8—In case you're thinking of introducing a Dalmatian into the home, this dog is

Small with thick hair and very long ears—small with smooth hair—large, white spotted with black—medium-sized with thick brown hair.

9—Cloves come from a plant that grows abundantly in the West Indies. They are its

Seeds—flower buds—dried bark—berries—dried root.

10—And of course winter looming large reminds us that whereas freezing point Fahrenheit is 32 degrees, Centigrade it's

Zero—12 degrees—6 degrees—18 below zero—8 below zero.

Answers on page 40

THEY were at cocktails; Edna and Seldon Parth, Jeffrey Parth, Eleanor Shepmann. A pre-lunch necessity this time, Edna said, rather than a gesture, due to the morning's tragedy and the general state of nerves.

Edna Parth alone was controlled and, Starr thought, curiously detached.

Hefferfield apologized for bothering, but asked whether he might use the telephone. He wanted to phone the airport and the police department. Edna said, through a sudden chill silence, that there was a phone in the coat-room off the entrance hall.

Hefferfield hesitated in the doorway. "By the way, did any of you hear the shots last night?" he asked.

Seldon Parth said thoughtfully, "We couldn't have, Mr. Hefferfield. The boat's too far away."

"Yes, I suppose it is. You were here about midnight, Mr. Parth?"

"No, as a matter of fact, I was not. I got home about two. Jeffrey picked me up at the office and drove me home."

Hefferfield stared thoughtfully at Jeffrey, then said: "Were you here at midnight, Mr. Parth?"

"No. I was planning a fishing trip with Jim Tanner until after eleven; then I just drove about until it was time to pick up father."

Hefferfield smiled faintly. "I'm afraid you're my last hope, Mrs. Parth."

She smiled back, and said, "Yes, I was here, Mr. Hefferfield. But I heard no shots."

"Thank you."

Hefferfield left the room, and Eleanor went to Starr swiftly and asked: "They'll be arrested when they land?"

"Yes."

"There was nothing you could do?"

Starr answered her hesitantly. "I suggested the moulage test. Of course, it's a negative one at best."

"Moulage?"

"For powder-grains. When you shoot an old revolver, especially if the breech is worn, the back-flash embeds traces of powder into the skin round the base of the thumb. The moulage is some sort of substance they press on the skin. It collects the powder traces so that they can be tested and identified."

Seldon Parth said: "But surely they'll have washed their hands?"

"Washing has no effect on the powder traces, Mr. Parth. They're too deeply embedded. Only some solvent, like bromophenol, can remove them."

Eleanor said swiftly, "Bromophenol, doctor?"

"Yes. It's a powder itself, a pale yellowish stuff. You rub it on the skin and let it stay for a couple of hours, and the gunpowder traces are gone." His voice softened, became oddly gentle. "It's all right your knowing about it, Eleanor. I'm not going behind Mr. Hefferfield's back. He's arranging that your brothers be given the moulage test by the police as soon as they land."

By three o'clock the storm was at its height. Rain fell in torrents; the sky was the color of lead.

The Shepmann brothers were aboard the Onega II, being questioned by the police. Eleanor and Jeffrey and Seldon Parth were aboard with them. Edna Parth had remained in the house—in a mood.

Please turn to page 40

## Headaches banished by Bayer's Aspirin TABLETS

Even the worst headache yields quickly to genuine Bayer's Aspirin. 2 tablets taken with water bring almost immediate relief. What is more, you can take Bayer's Aspirin with confidence, for it has brought quick relief to thousands throughout Australia for the past 20 years.

quicker surer . . . safer  
MADE IN AUSTRALIA for 20 years

MAKE THIS DRAMATIC TEST YOURSELF...

Drop a Bayer's Aspirin Tablet into a glass of water. In 2 seconds — by the time it hits the bottom of the glass — it is disintegrating. See for yourself this way why Bayer's Aspirin acts so quickly.

Stop pain more quickly with Bayer's Aspirin

Tin of 12, 9d.; Bottle of 24, 1/3; Bottle of 100, 4/6.



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Quite apart from its glorious transparency, Pear's is a most distinctive soap. Its fragrance is delicate, its lather silky. There are no short cuts in making a soap like this... it takes months of mellowing and maturing to produce a soap like Pear's.

Pear's ORIGINAL TRANSPARENT SOAP

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VIM makes saucepans shine  
CLEANS WITHOUT SCRATCHING

7/10/35

## Kidney Trouble Causes Backache, Getting Up Nights

If you're feeling out o'-sorts, Get Up Nights, or suffer from Dizziness, Nervousness, Backache, Leg Pains, Swollen Ankles, Rheumatism, Burning Passages, Excess Acidity, or Loss of Energy and feel old before your time, Kidney Trouble is the true cause.

Wrong foods and drinks, worry, colds or overwork may create an excess of acids and place a heavy strain on your kidneys so that they function poorly and need help to properly refresh your blood and maintain health and energy.

Help Kidneys Doctors' Way

Many doctors have discovered by scientific clinical tests and in actual practice that a quick and sure way to help the kidneys clean out excess poisons and acids is with a scientifically prepared prescrip-

tion called Cystex. Hundreds and hundreds of Doctors' records prove this.

No Benefit—No Pay

The very first dose of Cystex goes right to work helping your kidneys remove excess acids. Quickly, this makes you feel like new again. And so certain are the makers that Cystex will satisfy you completely they ask you to try it under a money back guarantee. You be the judge. If not entirely satisfied just return the empty package and get your money back.

Cystex costs little at chemists and stores and the money back guarantee protects you. Now in 3 sizes—1/10, 1/2, 1/4.

for Cystex KIDNEYS BLADDER The GUARANTEED Remedy RHEUMATISM

Essential to hair hygiene.  
**EVAN WILLIAMS**  
Shampoo.

If you have any difficulty in obtaining supplies, write R. G. Turnley & Son, 206 Flinders Street, Melbourne.

## Tribute to Merchant Marine

### NEW RADIO SESSION

To-day all eyes are on the British Merchant Marine in its gallant effort to win the battle of the Atlantic.

In a new Wednesday night programme, Station 2GB pays a well-deserved tribute in music and narrative to those who man the ships which bring food, munitions and aeroplanes to Britain.

**T**HE highlight of each broadcast is a story related by a well-known raconteur who hides his identity under the name of "Lee Fore Brace."

As a story-teller "Lee Fore Brace" has that quality which makes his listeners feel that here is a man who might have been an eye-witness of the scenes which he paints so vividly.

That he should have this ability is not so remarkable in view of his own exciting experiences in thirty-five years spent on the sea.

During that period he has been shipwrecked twice, besides being blown up by a German submarine

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY SESSION from 2GB



Every day from 4.30 to 5 p.m.

WEDNESDAY, May 28.—Mr. Edwards and Goodie Reeve—Gardening Talk.

THURSDAY, May 29.—Goodie Reeve in Tales from the Talkies.

FRIDAY, May 30.—"Musical Alphabet."

SATURDAY, May 31.—Goodie Reeve presents "Musical Mysteries."

SUNDAY, June 1.—June Marsden—Astrology for the Business Folk—Gardening by the Stars. Special: Remarkable Prophecies: "The Writing on the Wall."

MONDAY, June 2.—With the A.L.F. Overseas.

TUESDAY, June 3.—June Marsden—Astrology for Women.

while he was in command of one of Britain's famous Q-ships during the last war. As a result he spent 30 hours in the water before being picked up by a British ship. It was only the quick attention given to his wounds by the ship's surgeon that saved his life.

Forunately, in addition to the



"LEE FORE BRACE"

experience that has given him such insight into life at sea, he has the ability to express himself both in writing and by the spoken word.

After retiring from the sea, "Lee Fore Brace" decided to live in New Zealand, but his memories of sea life were too vivid to be put aside. They found natural expression by means of journalism and radio story-telling. Thousands in New Zealand thrilled to his tales, and when he visited America he was invited to broadcast his stories over one of the largest networks in the country.

To-day his stories have taken on a new meaning.

Never before were they so appropriate a reminder of the heroism and hard work that have built up a tradition which has meant so much not only to the British Empire, but to the whole world.

## Three Baleful Brothers

Continued from page 39

**S**TARR came to the living-room doorway and stood for a moment, looking at Edna. She was over by a window, staring through the sheeting rain across lawns towards the dock.

"Mrs. Parth," she turned slowly. "Oh—you, doctor."

He joined her at the window, stood near her, and felt an unwilling admiration for the placidity of her features, for the calmness of her breathing.

She said, after a while, "You wanted something, doctor?"

"A confession, Mrs. Parth," she thought this over, studying his face. "Of what?"

"Confession is perhaps the wrong word. A confirmation of your motive would be more exact."

"Motive?"

"For having killed Mr. Forstair."

She smiled, and said coolly: "Shall we sit down, doctor?"

"Certainly."

She arranged herself in an arm-chair. Her hands were dim and quiet on her lap in the room's deep shadow. She said: "That's an extraordinary thing to say. It's so absurd—well, it stifles any normal reaction. I never realised that you had a sense of humor—one in such bad taste."

"Was it because of the use to which Mr. Forstair put the twenty thousand dollars?"

The pale hands clenched and then were quiet again. She said nothing.

Starr went on: "I don't know what hold Mr. Forstair had over you. It doesn't matter. But it must have been strong enough to have caused you to give him that lump sum. I suppose the money came from Mr. Parth's marriage settlement?"

"This is just as insulting as it is stupid, doctor."

"No, not stupid. I think it quite clear, and quite in keeping with what your reactions would be."

"Reactions?"

"You were more than just in love with Mr. Forstair. You were infatuated with him."

He paused, then went on gently: "As I say, the method or reason he used for getting the money is of no consequence. I'm certain, however, that his having used it to kill

at the very earliest, were fired into his dead body more than two hours later. They were definitely fired after two o'clock. The Sheppmann brothers have alibis for then."

She said, almost academically, "I think it is you who have lost balance, doctor. If a bullet were to break a watch, stop it at a certain hour, that I could understand."

"One of the bullets did better than that. It passed through the back of a hand on its way to the body, after that hand had been set rigidly by rigor mortis."

"Interesting." Her voice held a sudden edge. She made an effort to control herself, and said: "You will understand, when I ask you to leave this house—to leave it now?"

Starr did not move. He said patiently, "You must have known about the proposed elopement. I suppose Mr. Forstair simply told you. He would have been perfectly sure of himself, quite sure about the strength of his hold over you. I think that the first shot unnerved you, the shot that killed him. I think you fled here, blindly, to the shelter of your room, and that it was several hours later before you were able to get yourself in hand sufficiently to return to the boat and fire the other guns, in order to complete your plans."

"That much you did know, that bullets were extracted and their calibres determined. Exactly when did you get hold of Humphrey Sheppmann's silver cigarette case?"

"At the country—Get out of here!" She was no longer a poised sultry twilight, but gratingly harsh and shrill. "Get out! Get out!"

Still he did not move.

"Mrs. Parth, there was a trap once laid to catch a thief. Coins were being stolen from clothing in the lockers of a school. So they coated some coins with a powder, and the thief took them, and after a while his nerves, his fear of detection, perhaps his conscience if you wish, caused him to sweat; and the sweat reacted upon the pale yellow powder on his fingertips and turned them a bright blue."

He heard her draw one quick sharp breath.

"As you've realised," he said, "the name of that powder was blue of bromophenol. Mr. Hefferfield arranged with the five druggists in town that anyone telephoning or calling for bromophenol be given it and that he be notified. He was. He arranged that your husband and Jeffrey, and Eleanore be down at the houseboat so that you would be alone when I came here."

"I must retract what I said here before lunch. Bromophenol has no reaction whatever upon traces of gunpowder. But it does retain its virtue as a trap."

He reached swiftly for the cord of a standing lamp and pulled it. The light shafed whitely on flesh at the base of the thumb of her right hand where a gun would backfire, on the skin's vivid blue.

There was a pathos in her crumpling, as when anything that is sure and strong and vital suddenly succumbs to a swift decay.

Starr placed his hand over hers, covering with a gentle strength the betraying blue, feeling her a woman again whose soul and brain were sick.

He said, "Is it all right for Mr. Hefferfield to come in, Mrs. Parth? Will you tell him, now?"

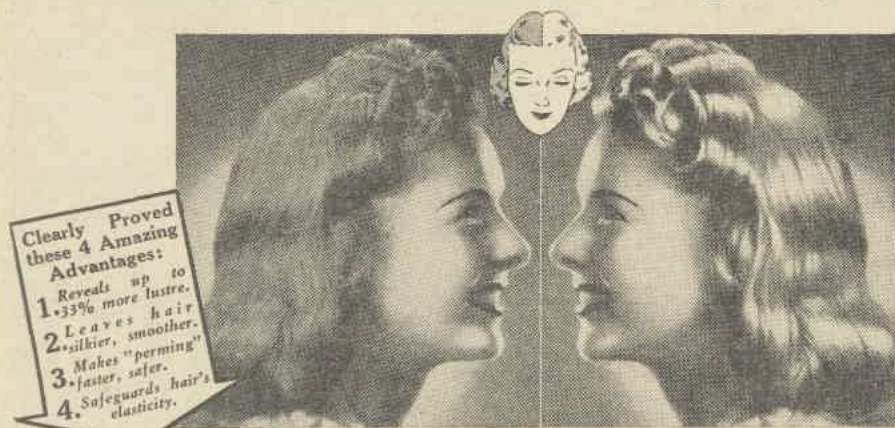
She clung to his hand. She held it very tight. She said, "Oh, yes."

(Copyright)

## Amazing HALF-HEAD Tests

### Prove New Shampoo

#### Glorifies Hair in Safe Thrilling Way.



TESTS SHOW THRILLING DIFFERENCE: LEFT—Illustrates soap-washed side of hair. Hair dulled by "alkali-balm." RIGHT—Colinated side. Hair shining... no dulling film.

No other shampoo tested beautified hair so thrillingly—yet left it so easy to handle. Proved safe for hair and scalp.

**D**ON'T wait another day to try this thrilling new shampoo discovery. Scientists have proved its glorifying results by one of the most conclusive tests anyone has ever dared to make on a shampoo.

Like countless thousands of women, you'll thrill to see how it beautifies hair, perhaps more than you ever dreamed possible... and helps leave it so easy to handle right after washing.

In unique half-head tests, women have one side of their hair washed with the sensational new Colinated foam Shampoo, the other side with a fine soap or powder shampoo. And in every case: 1. The Colinated side was far more lustrous and shining. 2. Felt smoother and silkier. 3. Took better permanent waves faster. 4. Hair retained more "spring"—fell back into more natural curl.

This amazing new shampoo is not a soap, not an oil... it's made by the patented "Colinating" process. You can feel the difference the

instant you try it on your hair. Changes in a flash to a rich, magic-cleansing foam—five times more active than alkaline soap lather—and washes away grease, dirt and loose dandruff more completely than anything you've ever known. No lemon or vinegar rinses are needed, for there is no "soap-scum" or oily residue to remove. One quick water rinse leaves hair sparkling with polished cleanliness!

Do you want your hair to look thrillingly different... to become a glistening halo that draws attention and brings compliments? Then, in fairness to your own good looks, make a test yourself—shampoo your hair with Colinated foam... and thrill to your hair's new loveliness. Ask your chemist, store or hairdresser for a bottle of Colinated foam Shampoo (costs less than 4d. a shampoo).

Clinton-Williams Pty. Ltd., Sydney.

Half the hair washed with Colinated foam—the other half with a fine soap or a powder shampoo.



Helps "Perms" Take Faster In every case, Colinated foam-washed hair requires less steaming time (often as much as 15% less) under the wave machine to take a lovely wave.



Nothing was used to affect results except the shampoo themselves.



Why Hair Glistens After this New Shampoo

LEFT—shows dull film left by soap. RIGHT—Colinated foam leaves hair shining.

### The answer is—

- 1—Let it stand in boiling water for about seven minutes.
- 2—The Queen of England (Queen Adelaide, wife of William IV).
- 3—Successor next after Goering.
- 4—Speech of praise.
- 5—Tobruk, Benghazi, and Derna.
- 6—Thomas Carlyle (in "Heroes, and Hero Worship").
- 7—1938.
- 8—Large, white spotted with black.
- 9—Flower buds.
- 10—Zero.

Questions on page 39

Eleanore Sheppmann's suspicions that he was a fortune-hunter drove you off balance, Mrs. Parth."

She said with deadly restraint, "You appreciate that this is slanderous libel?"

"No, it's the truth. An insane jealousy, the depth to which Mr. Forstair had hurt you, your feeling of having been cruelly betrayed—all of those things made you plan and execute his murder. They made you do so in such a way that the Sheppmann family would fall within your vengeance."

Her laugh, with its attempt at derision, was unsure. "Have you forgotten that the case is ended? There were three guns. There are three Sheppmann brothers. Their motive for the murder is obvious. They have no alibis whatsoever for—midnight, wasn't it, when the shots were fired?"

"But they weren't fired at midnight, Mrs. Parth."

Her immense calm persisted. She said quietly: "I understand the coroner has established that they were."

"No, he established the fact that Mr. Forstair died some time in the neighborhood of midnight."

"Well?"

"He died at midnight from a single shot which passed directly through his heart. The other shots,

## Try This for Seven Days for Eczema

Thousands of people who suffer from itching skin, eczema, and unpleasant eruptions will be glad to know that **Moone's Emerald Oil**, the clean, powerful, penetrating, antiseptic oil, will banish their trouble in seven days or less.

For years you may have been using ointments and salves and while these may have helped to relieve soreness, they often choked the pores and did not allow the poisonous matter to escape.

**Moone's Emerald Oil** overcomes this objection for the oil penetrates down to the cause of the trouble and leaves the pores open and free to discharge all poisonous secretions. **Moone's Emerald Oil** is highly concentrated, and only a few drops are required at an application. You can get it at any chemist's.

Clinton-Williams Pty. Ltd., Sydney.

## MUSHROOMS... how to grow them

MUSHROOMS are the scarcest and most expensive vegetables, yet there is no reason why every gardener should not grow a patch of them if he or she has a small shed or other suitable place.

—Says OUR HOME GARDENER



WONDERFUL CROP OF MUSHROOMS. These were produced in an iron shed which was by no means dark, and where the temperature was frequently 100 deg. Fahr. Hessian covers conserved humidity.

**R**AISING mushrooms by artificial means has been perfected almost to fool-proof proportions in recent years in Australia, with the result that about 200 tons annually are now being produced.

Still the demand increases, the market is never glutted, and prices remain substantially about 1/6 to 2/- a pound.

This is due to the fact that the flavor of artificially-raised mushrooms has been greatly improved in recent years, and that the edible fungus, or vegetable as it is generally called, has become more popular with the public.

For many years experts thought that mushrooms could be raised only during late autumn, winter, and early spring, but it has been established that the crop can be produced throughout Australia all the year round.

While the cooler parts of the year offer natural advantages because the air is moister or more humid, the spawn of the mushroom does not grow as quickly as during the warmer months of the year.

During summer months, however,

### Plants for tubs

**B**AMBOO begonias and their dwarf brethren are very useful for southerly and south-easterly aspects for tubs and deep troughs.

As most of the fibrous begonias are perennials, you can leave them standing in the centre of the tub, planting in turn such seasonable items as phlox, schizanthus, lobelia, petunia, lilliput zinnias, nemophila and verbena at their base.

the air requires artificial moistening, and pioneers of mushroom growing have discovered that humidity can be produced by covering the beds with hoods of wet hessian.

The general belief that an even temperature was necessary has been exploded, for repeated tests have shown that what really matters is humidity in the air. If this is not present naturally it has to be produced or the crop will fail.

The old method of producing humidity, spraying the air, walls, and floors of sheds with water, was not quite sufficient, but by stretching hessian hoods on wires over the beds and moistening them regularly humidity is easily maintained inside the limited cubic area of space.

Under this system mushrooms grow more quickly and are from 25 to 50 per cent heavier because they absorb more moisture.

Their general flavor, appearance, and lasting qualities are greatly improved, and in these respects they are superior to mushrooms grown under drier conditions.

Summer culture of mushrooms under these hoods also reduces the breaks between flushes by several days, thus enabling the crop to be obtained at times when the demand is very keen.

Gardeners are usually advised to grow mushrooms indoors in sheds, garages, cellars, and similar places,

### SELECTED FURS COMPETITIVE PRICES.



**Seymour Furs**

294 COLLINS ST. MELBOURNE

What does this cold think I am...  
**TRIPLETS?**

MY NOSE IS STUFFY.  
MY THROAT'S SORE.  
MY CHEST IS TIGHT AND  
I'VE GOT A COUGH!  
THAT'S ENOUGH FOR  
3 LITTLE FELLOWS  
LIKE ME!

One Simple Treatment Reaches and  
Relieves ALL These Miseries!

**A**BABY's cold puts nose, throat, and chest all in danger. You can't expect to end his cold quickly unless you bring help to all these places.

There is a way to do just that—quickly...safely...and without any risk of upsetting his stomach! Simply give him a pleasant bedtime rub with Vicks VapoRub.

#### Works Two Ways

Rubbed on throat, chest, and back, VapoRub begins instantly to bring help straight to the places where help is needed...in two ways:  
**HEALING VAPOURS**, released from VapoRub by the body warmth,

are breathed in all through the air-passages. Their on-the-spot medication soothes the irritated membranes of nose, throat, and chest—clears away clogging mucus and phlegm. Breathing becomes easy again. Coughing is relieved. At the same time...

**LIKE A POULTICE**, VapoRub works on the skin, "drawing out" tightness and pain in chest and throat.

How comfy the little one feels! Breathing easily, coughing stopped, he gets a good night's rest, while VapoRub works hour after hour. Next morning, he is well on the way to being fit again!



26 MILLION JARS USED YEARLY IN 71 COUNTRIES



## Shortcakes

### SWEET AND SAVORY . . .

THE housewife who can turn out a good shortcake is usually complimented on her cooking, for there is nothing more appetising, more palate-tempting than the perfectly made shortcake.

**D**ON'T confuse the modern type of shortcake with the old English standard recipe for apple shortcake, a relic of older days when appetites were more hearty than wise.

The recipes given below are for those light, delicious shortcakes which have been evolved by the American housewife in recent years—sweet and luscious, or savory and appetising.

Just a word of advice about these cakes: Make them short, and if you are economising on butter choose a good beef dripping with lemon. And cook them fairly quickly so that they come to the table crisp, crumbly, and melting to the mouth.

#### MINCED MEAT TOPSY-TURVY

One and a half cups self-raising flour, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 tablespoon butter or beef dripping, 1 cup milk, 1 lb. minced meat, 1 cup brown sauce, 1 onion, 2 tomatoes, 1 dessertspoon dripping, pepper and salt.

Slice onion into fine rings and peel and slice tomatoes. Saute lightly in hot fat and arrange on bottom of greased cake tin. Heat meat in brown sauce; season and place over onion and tomato. Sift flour and salt; rub in butter and mix to a soft dough with the milk. Cover meat-mixture and bake in hot oven (temp. 425 deg. F.) for about 25 minutes. Turn out and serve hot, garnished with parsley.

#### SALMON CHEESE SHORTCAKE

Two cups plain flour, 2 teaspoons baking powder, 1 teaspoon salt, 2 tablespoons butter, 1 cup grated cheese, 1 cup milk, 1 small tin salmon, 1 cup white sauce, 1 tablespoon capers, 1 cup diced cooked celery, 1 teaspoon lemon juice.



A WARMING MEAL for cold weather—creamed vegetable shortcake served with an entree, pork and beans. See recipes on this page for various types of shortcakes, both sweet and savory.

By MARY FORBES

Cookery Expert to The Australian Women's Weekly

Sift flour, baking powder, and salt; rub in butter, add cheese, and lastly milk. Knead lightly and place in a greased sandwich tin; glaze with milk and bake in moderate oven (temp. 400 deg. F.) for about 40 minutes. Split and fill with hot salmon, white sauce, capers, celery, and lemon juice. Serve piping hot.

#### CREAMED VEGETABLE SHORTCAKE

Two cups self-raising flour, 1 teaspoon salt, 2 tablespoons butter, 1 cup grated cheese, 1 egg, 1/3rd cup milk, celery salt.

Sift dry ingredients and rub in

butter. Add cheese and mix to a soft dough with beaten egg and milk. Turn onto floured board and knead lightly. Place in well-greased 8in. sandwich tin and bake in moderate oven (temp. 400 deg. F.) from 35 to 40 minutes. While still hot, split and fill with vegetable cream.

**Vegetable Cream:** 1 tablespoon butter, 1 tablespoon plain flour, 1 cup cooked carrots, pepper and salt, 1 tablespoon finely-minced onion, 1 cup chopped celery, 1 cup cooked green peas, 1 cup milk.

Melt butter and fry onion lightly. Add flour and cook two minutes. Add milk and stir until sauce boils and thickens. Fold in vegetables and season to taste with salt and cayenne.

#### TUTTI-FRUTTI SHORTCAKE

Two ounces sugar, 4oz. butter, 1 egg, 3oz. flour, 1 1/2oz. cornflour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, 1 cup stoned dates, 1 cup seeded raisins, 2 cups stewed rhubarb, squeeze lemon, 1 jar cream.

Cream butter and sugar; add beaten egg and then sifted flours and baking powder. Bake in greased sandwich tin in moderate oven (temp. 375 deg. F.) for 20 to 25 minutes. Turn out. Blend raisins and dates and rhubarb and lemon juice, heating thoroughly. Split shortcake and fill with fruit mixture. Serve with whipped cream.

#### PEACH SHORTCAKE

One and a half tablespoons cornflour, 3 tablespoons plain flour, 2 dessertspoons sugar, 1 egg, 1 teaspoon baking powder, 3 tablespoons butter, pinch salt.

**Filling:** 1 1/2oz. melted butter, 1 jar cream, small tin peaches.

Cream together butter and sugar, add well-beaten egg, and fold in twice-sifted flour, cornflour, baking powder and salt. Place in well-greased sandwich tin which has been dredged with sifted icing sugar and bake in centre of moderate oven (temp. 350 deg. F.) from 25 to 30 minutes. When quite cold split in halves and pour on melted butter and cover with half the whipped cream and sliced peaches. Join the two halves and spread on remainder of cream. Decorate with peaches.

More shortcake recipes on opposite page

## THEY ALL ENJOY MIRA PLUM



School lunches are delicious fun. With sandwiches of Mira Plum.

Rosella Mira Plum Jam—the children's favourite. And what could be more wholesome or delicious than this wonderful jam prepared from choicest dark red plums and pure cane sugar.

Also Rosella Apricot Raspberry—Orange Marmalade

Pure Fruit Jams in hygienic gold lined cans

**She knows**  
KIDDIES LOVE ITS  
RICH, NUTTY  
FLAVOUR

**He knows . . .**

'CREAMOATA' IS BEST FOR GROWING CHILDREN

Creamoata is rich, sun-ripened oat kernels "pan-toasted" to nutty flavoured perfection by a special patented process that brings out the full flavour of delicious, sun-ripened oats and preserves the natural health giving, body building vitamins and minerals. It's the most energising cereal and also the most prolific source of Vitamin B1 and E. That's why so many doctors and dietitians recommend Creamoata for growing youngsters and nervous, hard working adults.

5 minutes to prepare, 3 large plates cost only 1d.



**CREAMOATA**  
and 'DIMPLE OATIES'

## For young wives and mothers

TRUBY KING SYSTEM

### Shoes for the toddler

HOW many adults suffer from various foot deformities which not only cause them physical discomfort and pain, but affect their dispositions, making them tired, nervy, and irritable!

It lies in the power of all mothers, as Sir Truby King says in his "Feeding and Care of Baby," "to protect the rising generation from the physical vice of deformed feet."

Badly-fitting booties and shrunken socks can cramp the toes of babies who are not even yet walking, so that healthy, well-shaped feet must be thought of before baby walks, and in fact during the important pre-natal period.

A leaflet dealing with this subject has been prepared by The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau. A copy will be forwarded free, if a request, together with a stamped addressed envelope, is forwarded to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088WW, G.P.O., Sydney.

Please endorse your envelope "Mothercraft."



THE DIONNE QUINTUPLETS adore romping in the snow, for which they are warmly clad with hooded coats and mittens. They have already had skating and skiing lessons and promise to be experts in snow sports. Left to right: Yvonne, Cecile, Marie, Emilie, and Annette.

**OH BOY!  
I CAN HARDLY STOP EATING  
DIPPED CREAM  
WAFERS**

**MAKE THESE  
DIPPED CREAM WAFERS  
AT  
YOUR NEXT PARTY!**

5 ozs. Fine Coconut (2 cups)  
8 ozs. Icing Sugar  
2½ ozs. Cocoa (3 tablespoonsful)  
8 ozs. Copha (Melted) ½ lb. Cream Wafers

Melt the Copha and pour on to the mixed dry ingredients and mix thoroughly. While the mixture is still warm, dip or spread the cream wafers thinly, place on greaseproof paper and leave in cold place until set.

**COPHA MAKES  
EVERYTHING MORE  
DIGESTIBLE**

Cut out and paste in your recipe book.

### No COOKING NEEDED

Dipped Cream Wafers . . . melting little morsels that you can make with Copha in only 5 minutes. No cooking needed at all! This pure, all-vegetable shortening mixes so easily and has no greasy flavour of its own to hide the goodness of your other ingredients. Buy the economical 1-lb. packet of Copha and use it whenever you need shortening. It keeps fresh till you need it.

**COPHA**  
The pure all-vegetable shortening  
for more digestible dishes



## The Doctor Tells You What to do

**P**ATIENT: Doctor, is there anything I can do to prevent getting chilblains? I have them every winter and now the cold weather is here again I am in fear and trembling. Chilblains make me so irritable, too.

Doctor: Sufferers from chilblains should not wait until they are attacked before doing anything in the matter.

Now, before the cold weather really begins, is the time to think about chilblains and to take steps to prevent their appearance.

The trouble is that in winter time most people are prone to seek that part of the house where it is warmest.

I know it is tempting and very comfortable to sit close round the fire, but this does not stimulate the blood to circulate and do its work properly, for faulty circulation is the primary cause of chilblains.

To prevent the malady you must first of all keep your circulation active—and you can work towards this end from several directions.

First, you must remember that fire-hugging is definitely bad for your circulation.

Even though it does make you shiver to think of it, exercise in the open air is a much more effective (and beneficial) means of keeping warm. Warm blood racing through the veins with the fresh cool air entering the lungs is exciting and invigorating.

Brisk walking does much to stimulate the circulation and make the blood flow freely to the tips of the fingers, the tips of the toes and the tips of the ears—those portions

of the body that are so frequently attacked by chilblains.

A great aid to the prevention of chilblains is to spend five minutes each morning and again in the evening exercising and stretching the limbs. Friction applied to the fingers and toes with a soft bristle nailbrush will tone up those parts and do much to prevent those chilblain congestions.

Secondly, you may improve your circulation, the quality of your blood, and your health generally by eating a diet rich in foundation (or "protective") foods. These are milk, fresh fruit and salads, meat, eggs, cheese and wholemeal bread or cereal. Many winter and early spring complaints are now recognised as the result of minor vitamin deficiencies caused by too low a consumption of fresh fruit, salads and milk during the colder months.

An improved diet will often work wonders for the habitual sufferers from chilblains.

However, if in spite of all precautions you are unlucky and the chilblains do appear, they must be treated.

The chief trouble is that they usually become very itchy and the temptation to scratch is almost unbearable. A frequent application of spirit of camphor or liniment made from a compound of camphor is a great help in reducing this irritation.

Swelling can often be reduced by painting the affected area with weak iodine.

If possible the affected parts should be well washed with warm water and thoroughly dried before the iodine is painted on. Let the iodine dry thoroughly before covering with stockings or gloves.

Every effort should be made to prevent chilblain blisters from breaking, for not only is a broken chilblain very painful, but it is also very liable to become septic and so cause very real trouble.

If, by ill chance, a chilblain does become broken it should first be thoroughly cleansed with soap and water or an antiseptic lotion, then covered with a soothing ointment, and finally covered with a zinc or starch dusting powder.

The main thing is to remember that an ounce of prevention is worth pounds of cure, and that now is the time to prevent chilblains.

### ... About chilblains

# VARY YOUR HAIR-DO . . . By JANETTE

● A new coiffure can give you a new and interesting personality, and charm, too. Often it's a good idea to alter your coiffure with your mood, your dress, or for the occasion.



ABOVE: Beautiful hair is worth showing to advantage, and here Lynn Bari acquires a regal air by wearing her lovely hair in a thick braid around her head. Right: She becomes informal and tomboyish with her hair arranged in apparent carelessness.



ABOVE: This coiffure gives Old-World beauty and dignity to Gene Tierney. Left: The same girl emphasises her youthful charm with a perfectly simple coiffure.



LEFT: An upswept Pompadour coiffure with back hair set in curls is Joan Valerie's choice for formal evening wear. Right: For daytime she wears her hair dressed in this little-girl style with bow and curl at one side. Hair styles on this page worn by Fox artists.



TWO COIFFURES—one on the left in simple girlish style, accenting loveliness of face, and the other a formal hair-do, giving the piquancy of youthful dignity—and both worn by the same girl, Mary Beth Hughes, Fox star.

Results of authentic  
NATIONAL SURVEY  
conducted  
among thousands  
of dentists

## DENTISTS SELECT IPANA FOR THEIR PERSONAL DENTIFRICE 3 TO 1 OVER ANY OTHER!

Let the example of these dentists guide you in your choice of a dentifrice . . . help you to have healthier gums, brighter teeth, a more radiant smile.

ASK YOURSELF THIS QUESTION: "What dentifrice, of the scores on sale to-day, could be better for me and my family than the one so many dentists themselves use in their own homes?"

And if that is the dentifrice you want, then start to-day using Ipana with massage! For the recently completed Professional Survey, independently conducted among thousands of Australian dentists reveals this remarkable fact:

Three times as many dentists personally use Ipana as any other dental preparation—paste or powder. In fact, more than the next three dentifrices combined!

What inspiring confidence in Ipana—from those who know most about the proper care of teeth and gums—the dentists of Australia.

Ipana is indeed a unique dentifrice! Not only does Ipana clean teeth thoroughly but, with massage, Ipana is specially designed to stimulate the gums.

Get a tube of Ipana at your chemist, to-day! Start now to give your gums, your teeth, your smile, the same daily care so many dentists give theirs—with Ipana and massage!

SEE YOUR DENTIST at least twice a year to enable him to discover and check any unsuspected dental defects.



### LET IPANA AND MASSAGE HELP YOU TO FIRMER GUMS, BRIGHTER TEETH!

IT'S A VISIT TO YOUR DENTIST FOR YOU, SIS! "PINK TOOTH BRUSH" MAY NOT MEAN SERIOUS TROUBLE BUT IT'S NOTHING TO FOOL WITH!



YOUR BROTHER IS A WISE YOUNG MAN, MARV! YOUR GUMS ARE SOFT AND TENDER. YOU SEE, TODAY'S SOFT FOODS OFFER DENT GUMS EXERCISE THEY NEED FOR HEALTH.



GIVE YOUR GUMS AS WELL AS YOUR TEETH THE ONLY EXERCISE THEY NEED FOR HEALTH!



YES, DOCTOR! FROM NOW ON I'LL USE IPANA AND MASSAGE REGULARLY!



Choice of a dentifrice calls for professional assistance. Ipana is sold by CHEMISTS ONLY. Regular Size 1½ — Super Size 2½.

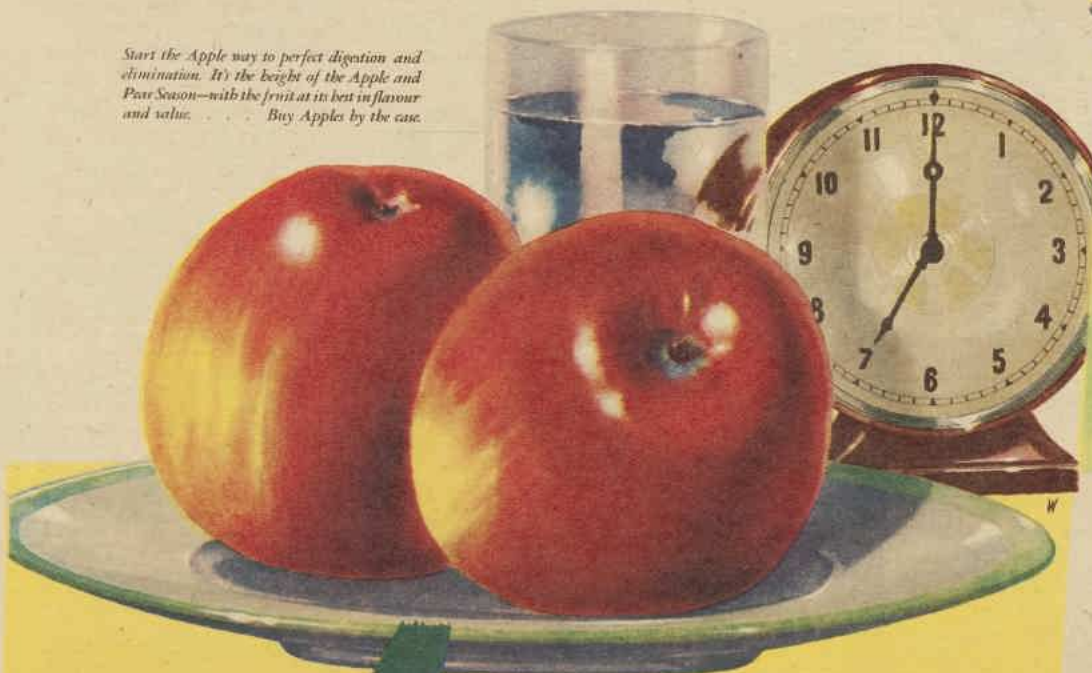


# STOP UN-NATURAL DOSING... HERE'S NATURE'S OWN LAXATIVE!

FEEL listless of a morning? Tire easily? Get that headachy feeling? They are sure signs your system is not working normally. But don't dose yourself. Take Nature's way to health—a crisp, juicy Apple or two every morning with a glass of water. Apples provide your system with the roughage it needs. A week or so of the morning apple habit and you'll be brighter of eye... buoyant of step... regular as clockwork.

Eminent doctors the whole world over recommend the regular eating of Apples. Far better than harsh artificial purgatives are the natural laxative qualities of Apples and Pears. People today tend to eat too much acid-forming food. Apples, which are alkaline in their action, give the much-needed assistance to the digestive organs and balance the diet. Eat Apples daily... cut up if you like, but preferably unpeeled. After every meal, in fact. Include plenty of Apple dishes in the family menu, for Apples retain their health properties when cooked.

Start the Apple way to perfect digestion and elimination. It's the height of the Apple and Pear Season—with the fruit at its best in flavour and value. Buy Apples by the case.



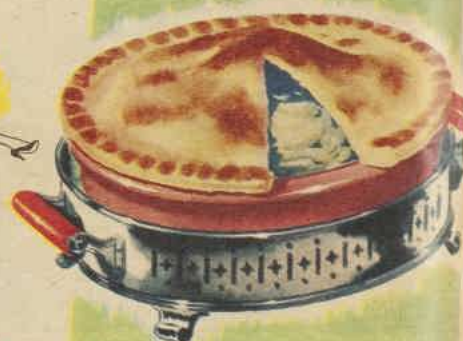
# AN APPLE EVERY MORNING!



## SOUTHERN STYLE BAKED APPLES

6 Apples  
Lemon juice (two tablespoons)  
2 cups water  
1 cup sugar  
6 meringues

Core and cut into halves 6 fine apples. Lay in baking dish, skin down. Pour over this a syrup made of sugar, water and lemon juice. Bake until tender, being careful not to break. Place these on a serving dish. Fill the centres with apple jelly and pour the liquid from the pan over them. Press a meringue on to the tops of apples. return to oven for just a few minutes.



## APPLE PIE

6 large apples  
1 lb. plain flour  
1 teaspoon baking powder  
Dessertspoon sugar  
Pinch salt  
4 oz. dripping

Peel apples thinly, core and cut into thin slices. Put them into a pie-dish (piled high), sprinkle sugar, add few cloves (if liked); then cover with paste. PASTE—Sift dry ingredients, rub in dripping, make into a dough with barely half cup water, roll out thinly, put layer of paste around edge of pie-dish, cover pie-dish with paste, brush with little water and bake for about 25 minutes. If preferred, use puff or rough puff pastry.

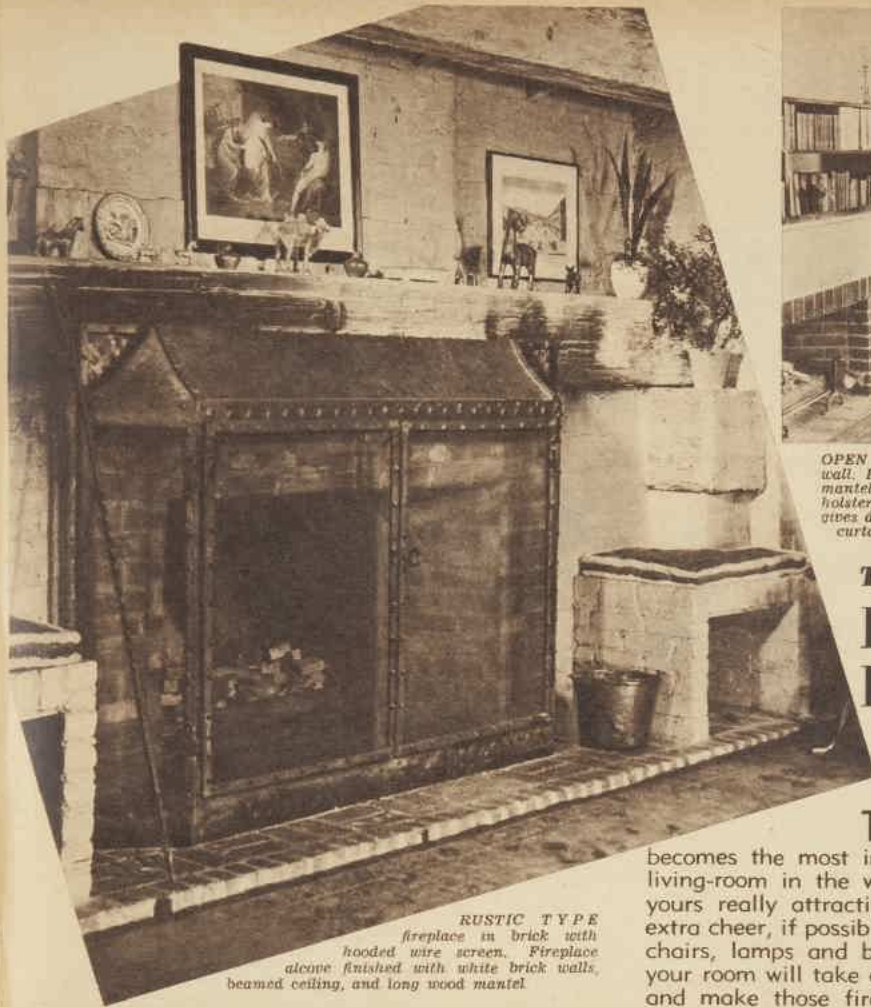
## FREE RECIPE BOOK

A new edition of the Apple and Pear Recipe Book is now available. Write your name and address in the Coupon below and post it to the nearest office of—

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NAME \_\_\_\_\_  
ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_



**RUSTIC TYPE** fireplace in brick with hooded wire screen. Fireplace alcove finished with white brick walls, beamed ceiling, and long wood mantel.



**OPEN TYPE** brick fireplace set in cream wall. Bookshelves run the length of the wide mantel. Lounge at right-angles is upholstered in printed linen. Window above gives daytime illumination. At night green curtains draw across door and window.

## This winter have a **FRIENDLY FIRESIDE**

By  
Our Home Decorator

THE fireside corner becomes the most important part of the living-room in the winter months. Make yours really attractive, in open style for extra cheer, if possible, and group lounges, chairs, lamps and books about it. Then your room will take on an intimate charm and make those fireside hours the most enjoyable part of the day for you.



**FIRESIDE** in room in 18th-century English style, an MGM setting. Woodwork round fireplace is cream, and below the high mantel are some Old-World silhouettes which add character to room. Chairs and lounges are grouped round in cosy manner.



**SIMPLE TYPE** of open brick fireplace with wood mantel above, suitable for the average home. Brass candlesticks and a model of a ship are the only ornaments on the mantelshelf. Chairs upholstered in cottage weave are grouped round the fireplace.



## Soups like Mother used to make

— everything of the best . . . simmered for hours and hours to bring out all the goodness—all the flavour.



16  
DELICIOUS  
VARIETIES  
INCLUDING

Cream of  
Tomato  
Cream of  
Asparagus  
Ox Tail  
Kidney  
Genuine  
Turtle Soup

**HEINZ**  
*Perfect* **SOUPS**  
READY TO SERVE

## **SOLPAH MAGIC**



**OLD KITCHEN  
LINO FLOOR**



**NEW FLOOR!**



**-MUM USED  
SOLPAH!**



**AND IT SAVED  
HER POUNDS!**

Does the linoleum on your kitchen floor look old? New linoleum would cost too much right now, wouldn't it? What can you do? **SOLPAH** it! Yes, Solpah right over your old linoleum, and—presto!—you've got a sparkling new kitchen floor. And use Solpah for bathroom floors, for wooden, cement and brick surfaces. Seventeen exciting colours for you to choose from. Solpah wears like iron. Write to Anne Stewart, our expert on Home Decoration, for any personal advice. 75 Mary Street, St. Peters, Sydney, N.S.W.



# GIVE YOUR HOME THIS TOUCH OF Romance

**C**ORRECT lighting makes home a brighter, happier place . . . makes familiar furnishings look new and exciting. That's why you should modernize your home with one or two artistic Aladdin lamps! You'll be amazed at the difference they make, not only in the appearance of your rooms, but in the greater comfort with which you and the family can read, sew or write. . . . The kerosene models are, of course, world-famous for their brilliant yet soft WHITE light. Many of the electric models are fitted with the unique "Better-Sight" feature that kills glare and prevents harsh shadows. Others have been designed to add a "dainty" note to your bedroom. ALL are fitted with specially designed shades that give a restful, romantic softness to your home . . .

## Pottery LAMPS



Among the most popular lamps in the Aladdin 1941 range are the lovely new Pottery Lamps in dozens of exclusive designs, shapes and colours—pastel tints for dainty rooms, or glowing glazed finishes that reflect the chief colour note of your lounge. Illustrated are No. 1240, Crown Devon ware, in soft matte green, fitted with Aladdin fount and burner for kerosene—price, complete, 97/9. Also offered in orange lustre glass. Prices of Electric Models are from 27/6. The burgundy coloured model is P-50, for electric use, retailing at 43/9. This and other exclusive designs are available in a big colour range.

ALADDIN ELECTRIC LAMPS are sold complete with beautiful light-diffusing shades and are priced from as low as 59/6. Shown at left is model 5014, in Antique Bronze with the famous Aladdin "Better-Sight" reflector and 3-candle fixture (operated by separate switch). Price 117/6. Obtainable from leading departmental and furnishing stores.

At left, ALADDIN FLOOR PEDESTAL KEROSENE MANTLE LAMP No. 1269F, obtainable in Walnut, Rosewood or Elizabethan finish with correct light-diffusing shade in harmonising tint. Price, complete, 122/6. Others in the Aladdin Kerosene range include Table, Hanging, Wall Bracket and Pottery base models—all obtainable under the ALADDIN 39-WEEK PURCHASING PLAN if desired. By taking advantage of this offer you can give your home the comfort and convenience of a genuine Aladdin lamp on payment of only 10% deposit—the balance being spread over 39 weeks, which works out at only a **FEW PENCE DAILY**. And this trifling amount is often saved in reduced lighting bills alone, so don't hesitate. Take full advantage of this offer at once. The Authorized Aladdin Store-keeper in your town will be glad to provide full details.

ASK ABOUT THE 39 WEEK PURCHASING PLAN

THE WORLD'S MOST WONDERFUL LAMP!

# KEROSENE & ELECTRIC LAMPS by Aladdin

Aladdin Industries Pty. Ltd., 61-71 Bourke St., Waterloo (Sydney), N.S.W.  
 \*Please forward me the Aladdin Lamp illustrated in the "Women's Weekly," 31st May, 1941, Model No. \_\_\_\_\_  
 \*I am enclosing remittance for \_\_\_\_\_  
 Send by \_\_\_\_\_ (Rail or Ship)  
 Signature \_\_\_\_\_  
 Name \_\_\_\_\_  
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**FREE:** If you would like to see other lamps in the Aladdin range, write TO-DAY for free catalogue. State whether you are interested in Electric or Kerosene Lamps.

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